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TERMS IN ADVANCE
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No 346

JIM

BY HENRY MONTCALM.

His name? Why, Jim.
Just the name you'd have given him.
He was crying his papers two minutes ago
As smart as you please; and just look at him
now,
With his lips all white—I vow 'tis a sin.
Poor feller! Lord bless me, he's fainted ag'in!

The matter with him?
Well, his chance is mighty slim.
That little one there—Jim heard him squeal;
And he just jerked him out from under the
wheel.
But got caught himself and the cart only just
Broke both of his arms and run over his chest.

Poor little Jim!
So you periled life and limb—
And lost them both for the rich man's son!
Ah, little hero, nobly done!
It is not often we chance to meet
With a soul like yours in the filth of the street.

"Dear, dear Jim!"
See, 'tis his master bends over him.
With a deep sigh and a piteous cry;
And the poor little sufferer opens his eyes;
"Poor mother!" he asps, and then again
Shuts his lips tight with the terrible pain.

Poor dying Jim!
Now already his eyes grow dim;
The careworn look on his child-like face
Is fading away, and in its place
There crosses a sweet smile of contentment;
and then
He sleeps—oh, dear Father, revive him again.

BIG GEORGE,

The Giant of the Gulch:
OR,
THE FIVE OUTLAW BROTHERS.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE VOLCANO, THE BOY MISTER," "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC
PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

RED PEPPER IN HIS GLORY.

THE three elder Peppers returned from their search for a doctor soon after Big George was carried away under direction of Dr. Parmley—or "Little Cassino," as he was better known in the vicinity of Blue Earth. Satisfied that their brother was in good hands, little dreaming that it was to the doctor alone that they owed their original defeat at the Temple, they gave themselves no further trouble on that score, since their rather extensive experience in gun-shot wounds and contusions told them that Big George was in no serious peril of his life, this bout. Though the bond of brotherhood was strong between them, they felt no such love for the giant as that which filled the heart of Little Pepper. Either would have fought for the other at the drop of a hat, even to death, but there was little of brotherly love between them.

Occupying their accustomed seats, withdrawn from the crowd, a bottle of whisky before them, the three brothers discussed the events of the night with many an oath and bitter curse.

"This ain't the eend on it," growled Red Pepper, an ugly glare in his eyes. "They'll be maffer for a funeral 'round yere afore that trappin' cuss is a day older!"

"Don't you forget what George said," interrupted Black Pepper. "That's his meat, an' the man as comes with them 'll git ten inches o' cold steel through his harslet—jest as George told us, kin or no kin."

"He said we shouldn't pick no fuss with the cuss—no more I don't mean to; but that's more ways to kill a cat than chokin' her with butter. George 'll be on his back for a good month. Now wouldn't it look nice of we let this cuss lay all that time to brag 'n' Ef we kin make him give us the leastest bit of a han-die—jest so we could tell George we didn't pick the fuss!"

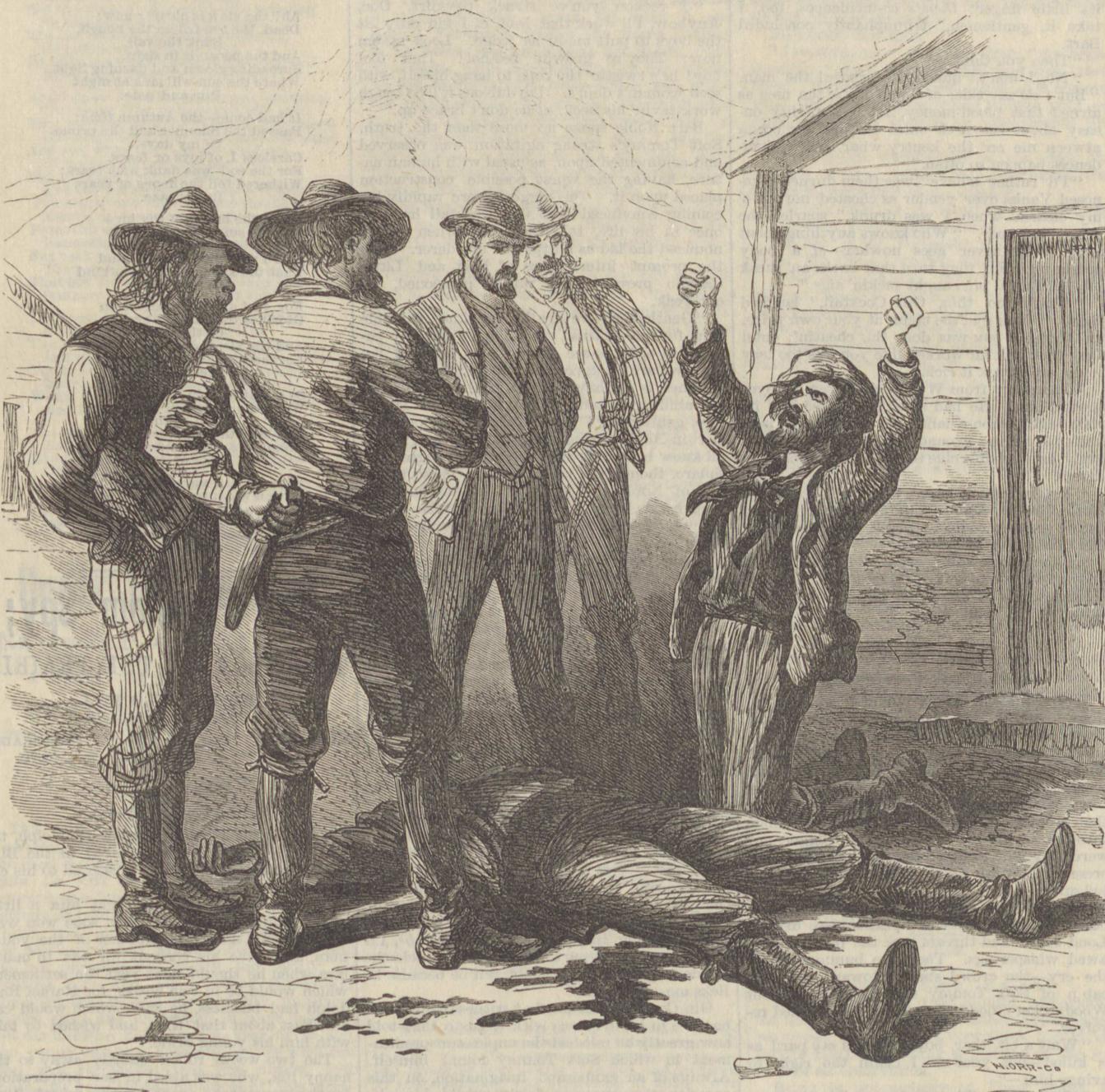
At this juncture the band of the Temple struck up a lively air, and the brothers, in common with nearly every man in hearing, flock'd to the spot, eager to learn what was up.

At a sign from Ben Coffee the music ceased, and the worthy manager, standing upon the doorstep, briefly addressed the crowd. He deeply regretted the unfortunate affair which had interrupted the harmony of the evening, but assured them that it was not owing to the fault of any person in his employ.

"No man shall ever say he lost money by me or mine. I claim to be a square man. The performance shall be resumed at the point where it was interrupted. The doors are open, gentlemen," with a comical glance at his shattered portals; "enter and take your seats!"

A hearty chorus of cheers greeted this speech, and a rush, headed off by the Pepper brothers, speedily filled the theater to repletion. The curtain arose promptly, discovering La Belle Estelle as Gertrude, in "Loan of a Lover." Only for the still fresh blood-stains upon the floor, the marks of pistol-balls and perhaps a slight trace of hysterical gayety in the heroine, one could scarcely have believed that a tragedy in real life had so lately transpired upon those boards. The audience was more enthusiastic than ever, vociferously applauding every point, emphasizing their applause with golden offerings—all save the three brothers, who occupied the first bench. They sat in sullen silence, watching for the one who never appeared—for George Mack was not cast in the piece.

Just before the curtain fell, the manager approached the footlights and stated that a select ball would be given by the members of the



Sinking upon his knees, Woodpecker, half-crazed, uttered a terrible vow of vengeance.

company, which all were cordially invited to attend—admittance one dollar.

The brothers interchanged quick glances, and Red Pepper grimmed viciously. After all, the chance he sought might not be so far distant.

The dance-hall was beneath the same roof with the theater, and was reached by a flight of stairs opening upon the street. Eager to gain closer view of the "girls," an introduction and even dance with them at such a cheap rate, the diggers lost no time in rushing up the narrow passage-way.

Evidently the young fellow knew his customer, for he sidled away with a sickly smile, not daring even to mutter a curse beneath his breath until at a safe distance.

"You are so kind, stranger" softly whispered the damsel, doubling her thanks with her eloquent eyes. "He was such a fat—I couldn't give him the shake to save me."

"Ho, tuck the hint easy enough from me," grinned the giant. "Then you ain't sorry I cut in."

Whatever answer the siren made was drowned by the music and the loud call of the floor-manager for the dancers to take their places. Black Pepper was equally fortunate in picking up a partner, but Pepper-pot was too slow, for once, though he was not long at a loss. As the dance began, he crowded his way through the spectators and broke into the set where his brothers stood. The opposite couples were a blue-shirted digger and a Mexican, the latter of whom was leading off.

"Skin out o' this, you pesky smoke-dried Greaser!" cried Pepper-pot, clutching the astonished Mexican by the neck and hurling him across the room, accelerating his progress by a dexterous application of his thick-soled boot.

"Ho, tuck up one o' your own color, an' let a gentleman shake a foot with the lady. Whoop-oop! spin out your music thar, you pesky varmint—what ye stoppin' fer?"

"Look out, Dick!" yelled Black Pepper. The Mexican gathered himself up with the wonderful quickness of a cat, and plucking from his wicked-looking knife from his wide boot-leg, sprang toward his huge assailant with a wolfish snarl, and only for the prompt interpolation of Red Pepper, the bully, whose back was carelessly turned, would have paid the penalty of his insolence with his life.

"Perle's the word, you durned riptyle!" roared the red-haired Hercules, leaping forward with wonderful activity in one so large, and catching the Mexican around the waist, he lifted him high in the air, then flung him across the room and against the wall with sickening force. "Take that fer tryin' to bu'st up a comf'able crowd wi' your impudent tricks! Ef the varmint hes got any friends in the crowd, let 'em look to him. Ef he comes both'erin' round yere any more, he's gwine to git hurt—you hear me?"

"Drap that!" snarled Black Pepper, with a venomous glare. "I don't want to dream o' her ag'in—"

"Promenade to the bar!" sung out the "call-off," and the eight couples pushed their way forward to "refresh" themselves.

Red Pepper eyed the "girls" critically as they stood waiting to be served, still clinging to their partners as though fearful of being left in the lurch before the drink was paid for. Right before the red-haired giant stood the plump little mite who had so indignantly flounced away from Big George behind the scenes, and, as he changed his position in order to gain a better view of her face, she turned around and met his admiring gaze with the full light of her bright black eye. That one glance

settled it. As Red Pepper himself would have expressed it, he "felt all over in spots."

Among his failings Red Pepper could not count bashfulness. To fancy was to do—or at least attempt—nor was this case an exception. Striding forward he elbowed aside the long-faced, red-faced young fellow who had danced with the ballet-girl with a cool!

"You've had your turn, boy—now make room for your betters. This lady wants to talk to a man."

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that's somethin' to grease your elbows with," he added, flinging several gold pieces upon the stage. "Come, little one—oh—"

An imprecation dropped from his lips as though the words were red-hot, when he caught sight of George Mack coolly taking his position as his *vis-à-vis*.

"Don't get into any fuss, or I'll never even look at you again!" agitated whispered his partner, as he shook her from his arm.

But even her blandishments could not avert the catastrophe, though for a few minutes Red Pepper contented himself with black looks and muttered curses. He had not long to wait for his opportunity. The second change brought the two close together, and as Mack passed by, Pepper thrust out his foot to trip him up. The trick was only partially successful, for, though stumbling, the gymnast swung half-way around and struck the bully a heavy blow upon the neck with his clenched fist. Red Pepper fell to the ground, with a hoarse yell of rage, that drew all eyes to the spot.

The brothers sprang forward. Instantly all was confusion. The women sought to flee, screaming in mad fright. Pistols were drawn, knives flashed in the dim light; then came the first shot—followed by a horrible shriek of agony, as a digger fell back, shot through the heart.

As by a preconcerted signal the lights were extinguished. Then all pandemonium seemed let loose. Yells, groans and screams of terror were mingled with pistol-shots and the clashing of knives!

CHAPTER V.

WOODPECKER AND HIS PARD.

A soft, silvery light was chasing away the somber remnants of night. The moon had disappeared, the stars were waning, the fleecy clouds were rolling back from the mountain-tops, as the golden light grew stronger and increased in splendor around the bare, rugged crags and spurs of weather-beaten rocks. Down through the needle pines, the dark, ragged cedars, down the rocky slope, the rude, rough "city" of Blue Earth, nestled in the valley below.

So recently a human pandemonium, where deadly passions were running riot—where death and bloodshed reigned triumphant; now silent and calm as the grave lay the mining town, an unsightly blot upon the face of nature. Through the little valley stole the rose-light, revealing its beauties with caressing touch, yet seeming to avoid the cluster of human nests as though loath to reveal the eyesores, the moral corruption and sins now partially concealed therein.

A single cry—wild, prolonged, thrilling from its very intensity; a cry that seemed to die away in a wail—not of bodily pain, not of fear—yet a wail of bitter anguish, of grief insup- portable.

The echo gradually died away. Once more all was still in and around the little valley. The morning beams spread more rapidly. The yellow gleam upon the mountain-tops crept lower and lower, until day had fairly dawned for Blue Earth, though not for all of its inhabitants. Rolling over with sleepy grunts, congratulating themselves upon its being the Sabbath day—thus was the dawn greeted.

But there was at least one watcher to whom the dawn came unheeded; to a man crouching down in the dust of the crooked, narrow street, to a figure of utter woe, slowly rocking to and fro, whose dry, cracked lips came a low, hoarse, moaning sound that occasionally broke into words, rude and uncouth, yet at times painfully pathetic.

Before him lay a frightful object—a sight to curl one's blood, growing horribly distinct as the light of day-dawn grew stronger.

The gray dust around was saturated with blood. In a coagulated pool of this lay the mutilated trunk of a human being, cold in death. Lying upon its back, with legs and one arm carefully straightened out, as was the other arm, perfect to its wrist, from which the hand had been hewn. This hand, with one of its fingers hacked off and missing, now lay upon the dead man's breast, supporting a ghastly burden.

A human head, with horribly-staring eyeballs, with distorted features, protruding tongue and lips drawn back from the blood-stained teeth. Thus the dead man lay, holding its head in its own right hand.

"It's me, pard—don't you know?" huskily muttered the mourner. "It's Woodpecker—old Woody, the pore, ign'ant cuss you tuck out of the jug at Sacramento. You ain't mad at me? God knows I'd let my ornary karkidge be chopped into cat's-meat to save one har' o' your head! Speak to me, then—don't keep so still, like you was dead. Dead. Who says he's dead? It's a lie—a lie blacker'n night! Tell 'em it's a lie, pard—you ain't dead—you cain't be dead, an' me here alive, not even scratched. Ah—ha! you hear that?" he added, glaring over his shoulder. "He's only sleepin'—he'll wake up bimeby—then you look out for snakes! He ain't the man to take a lie—ain't Salt peter—not much! The best man in ten counties—take him how you will. Lordy! to see him in a knock-down an' drag-out! An' yit—he never had no inimies. Everybody tuck to him like a sick kitten to a hot brick—didn't they, pard? Hush! he's sleepin' yit! Shut up thar!—quit your yaup! Don't you see he's sleepin'?—my pard, Salt peter."

Woodpecker—as the mourner had termed himself—sat in silence beside his murdered friend, a strangely wistful look upon his haggard face. He acted like one completely dazed. Beyond the fact that his partner was

lying before him, his brain seemed incapable of comprehending the truth. Often his hand would steal forth and gently touch the corpse, softly shaking it, trying to arouse the sleeper; but as the dead made no answer, the troubled look would deepen, the parched lip quiver, and the uneasy light deepen in his eyes.

"Ain't you slept most long enough, Pete?" he would utter, coaxingly. "Git up an' come long home with me, won't you? You must be hungry—an' that's somethin' good in the black jug—I saved it fer you. Pard—wake up! don't you hear me callin' ye? You skeer me layin' there so still—you don't never speak nur look at me. I hain't done nothin' to make you mad, hev I? I've worked steady every day since you've bin gone. I did take a little run las' night—but I didn't know you was comin' so soon—I'd a' bin watchin' fer you, pard. Speak to me, old fellow—don't look that-a-way—it makes me crawl all over! An'—you lay so funny! Your head—"

He started back, brushing one hand across his eyes with a fierce gesture. The horrible truth now for the first time appeared to strike him. The coagulated blood, the severed hand upon which rested the gory head! Now his stupefied brain began to work, now he began to realize why his old friend remained so deaf to all his entreaties.

Slowly his trembling hands were extended until they touched the head; but so trembling were they that the touch sufficed to destroy its balance. The head slowly rolled over, resting upon the miner's knees, its sightless eyeballs staring full into his, the contracted lips seeming to part still further in a grin horribly unearthly.

A single yell of terror, of anguish, of grief and despair burst from Woodpecker's lips as he sprung back from the clammy touch. Then he crouched down in the road, quivering like a leaf in the storm, yet glaring at the trunkless head as though fascinated.

This time his cry was heard. A door opened and a bushy head protruded itself. The body followed and a half-dressed man approached, with a mingled exclamation of wonder and alarm.

"God of mercy! Salt peter—dead! and you, Woodpecker?"

"Don't you dare tetch him!" snarled Woodpecker, springing upon the man as he stooped over the ghastly object. "He's mine—my pard! You ain't got no claim on him—I'll kill you if you lay a finger's end on him!"

"How did it happen—who killed him—great heavens! what a sight!"

"Don't—don't say he's dead—it cuts me wuss'n a knife," pitifully pleaded Woodpecker. "He never had a iminy—he was too soft-hearted. They wouldn't nobody dream o' killin' him—he's only hurt a little. I've known him to git hurts a heap wuss'n that, an' run a footrace after sundown. He dead—my pard! Ha! ha! it makes me laugh my sides sore—an' I couldn't laugh if he was dead, could it? Not much—it'd kill me, too; yes, it would—don't I know? Then he ain't dead—if he's hurt a little. We kin doctor him up. Thar—you go ax the doctor to come—tell him that's a hat full o' gold he's quick. Why don't ye go? I caint—Pete wouldn't like it. He alays wants me to be long o' him when he's sick—"

"I'll go for Doc, if you wish it, Woodpecker—but it's no use; it's ag'in' natur' for a man to want a doctor when his head's off," muttered the man, with an unusual choking in his throat as he trotted off up the street.

He found the doctor—Little Cassino—up to his elbows in blood. That night had brought him plenty of patients. The "free fight" at the Temple dance-hall was one to which the Blue-Earthites would often and proudly refer in days to come, and point to their graveyard as evidence.

"Head and hand cut off, you say?" echoed Little Cassino, his flushed countenance paling.

"Still another—!" and hastily securing the bandage he was occupied with, he snatched up his hat and followed his guide.

They found an excited crowd already collecting around the spot. Woodpecker crouched beside the body—upon which he had replaced the head and hand as he had first found them—with bared knife, as though fearful some one would attempt to rob him of his dead.

"Don't you tetch him!" he snarled, as the doctor stooped to examine the corpse more carefully. "I know now he's dead—murdered! But nobody shan't tetch him but me. I was his pard—we worked together an' slept together. I'd gladly 'a' died for him—God above knows it! An' he's mine, now he's dead, he was alive—pardners still."

"How was it—tell us all you know about the matter. There's been foul murder done here, and it will be a stain on our manhood if we do not ferret out the murderer and do him full justice. Speak out, man!"

"I found him—jest as you see. I caint say no more. Peers like that's sunthin' the matter with my head—it feels so thick an' heavy! You see, I was at the dance—I didn't know Pete was comin' home so soon, or I'd bin lookin' out for him, then this wouldn't a' happened. I'd a' died before they could a' hurt one har' o' his head—God knows I would! 'Twas the devil done it—I know it! No human critter could a' found the heart to hurt him—"

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"I don't want nobody's skelp 'cept o' them as murdered my pard. But of Gin Cocktail's right, I'll kill Soft Tommy though a thousand men stood against us!" slowly replied the aven-

"Good enough! now come on, boys—but mind an' easy's the word," added Noble, leading the way.

The distance was not great. Less than half a mile from the town of Blue Earth the mining claims began. In a narrow gulch lay the claim owned and worked by the two brothers popularly known as Sneaky and Soft Tommy. The brothers were far from being popular among the rough population; their very soberness and gentlemanly demeanor acted against them.

Though polite and courteous to all, they avoided the saloons and gambling-houses as though contagion lurked there. They made no intimate friends, seeming rather to avoid than court observation. Hence they were dubbed "high-toned," "got the big-head," and "they han't no better'n they should be, ur they wouldn't act so darned squeaky."

The door of the little slab shanty was closed, and when Bart Noble knocked loudly, there came a faint exclamation as of alarm, and a hurried busting around, with some little delay before the door was opened. A fair-haired, pale-faced lad, whose trembling fingers were buttoning a coarse blue blouse, confronted the miners. There was alarm, if not absolute terror, in the full blue eyes as Soft Tommy beheld them, those rough, excited faces, though he managed to stammer a few words, asking their pleasure.

"Don't you be skeered, young 'un," replied Noble, not unkindly. "They's somethin' happened down-town which we thought mebby you might know somethin'—"

"It's murder—that's what it is!" snarled Gin Cocktail, venomously. "You're ketched at last, you bl—!"

"An' that's my bo—thats what it is!" angrily cried Bart, as he turned and grasped the bummer, twisting him around until the proper portion of his anatomy for such a visitation was at a convenient distance, then applying his heavy boot with signal effect. "You just open your head ont' your betters is done, an' I'll double the dose—you hear me!"

"He said murder—indeed, indeed, gentlemen, I know nothing of this—I have not left this house since brother went away, yesterday," gasped Soft Tommy, brushing his beaded brow.

"I b'lieve it—every word. But you know what the law is. You've bin a'cused—an'

"It's a strange affair!" muttered the doctor, half to himself. "Three times over have I seen the same thing! three times—the head, the hand—even to the missing finger!"

"I've seed two of 'em, an' hearn tell o' other," said a squat, heavy-bearded digger. "An' I reckon most o' you boys hev hearn somethin' about it, too. But to my mind that's more in the matter than shows on top. Who among you kin tell me jest who those three—the other two, I should say—jest who an' what they was?"

"That I kin, Bart Noble," cried a little skinny specimen of humanity in a dirty shirt and ragged trousers. "One was old Webfoot—he got grubbed out in jest this way, at Frisco. Tother was Ben Gridley—I found him myself, two miles out o' Fiddleton, on a Sunday, in '52."

"Less'n three months afer Harry Love made his big strike—co-rect. An' in the three cases that was the head cut off, the right hand off—an' the little finger missed from that same hand; jest as you seed it with Salt peter here, gentlemen. That's a co-incidence, you'll say, mebbe. I don't deny it. Mebbe I kin show you another. You ax Cap'n Harry Love, boys, an' he'll tell you that these three men was in his comp'ny the day he rid down Joaquin Murieto—an' his gang. That's a co-incidence. The boys cut off Joaquin's head; they cut off Three-Fingered Jack's hand—the hand that had lost its little finger; then's co-incidences, too, I take it, gentlemen," triumphantly concluded Bart.

"Then you think—"

"No, I don't," quickly interposed the man. "But I do say this: if I was one o' the men as ained that blood-money, I'd feel mighty easy about the neck o' the ontel I'd put the ocean through me an' the kentry what sech co-incidences happen so often."

"I'll ruther b'lieve twas them durned blue-nosed Yanks over yender as cheated me out o' my clearin' when I was drunk," snarled the skinny bummer. "Who knows anything about 'em? They never goes nowhere—er a body comes nigh 'em, they turn that backs an' shake off like they'd bin caught suckin' aigs."

"That's too thin, Gin Cocktail," laughed Bart. "You sold the claim at your own price, an' thought you was doin' the cheatin'; but they took hol' an' worked like you was too lazy to do, an' struck it rich."

A sharp cry from Woodpecker drew all eyes toward him. He had lifted the corpse into its rude coffin, when a handsome tortoise-shell penknife fell to the ground. He grasped this eagerly, as a possible clue to the murderer or murderers.

"You're sure it wasn't his own?" demanded Little Cassino, closely examining the knife; but before answer could be made, the man called Gin Cocktail cried, excitedly:

"I know that knife—what did I tell ye? I

knowed they was mixed up in it! That knife belongs to Soft Tommy, an' he's the murderer—him an' his brother!"

CHAPTER VI. SOFT TOMMY IN TROUBLE.

The red-nosed, skinny bummer, whose notorious love for that delectable compound had given his *sobriquet*, Gin Cocktail, caused a general sensation with his triumphant speech. Under any other circumstances his word would scarcely have been believed on oath, but the rough crowd present was just ripe for anything that promised to wipe out the wrong done them through the murder of their fellow-digger, nor were they men to carefully weigh the evidence presented. With them deliberation followed judgment.

Gin Cook all's cry was taken up by a dozen other voices. Knives and pistols were drawn. Loud curses and threats took the place of low, awed whisperings. Then the bummer raised the cry—the crowd started toward the little cabin o' Soft Tommy and his brother; but Woodpecker stood before them, with cocked revolver.

"Wait a bit, thar, boys. Twas my pard as killed—not your n. I claim the right to avinge him—"

"That you shall have, old man," interrupted Bart Noble. "We'll arrest the fellor, fetch him back yere, give him a fair trial, an' ef he's proved guilty, you shall have him to deal with as suits you best. Only—long as I kin lift a fin or draw a trigger the lad shall have a fair show; no murderer's fer me!"

"I'm with you, Bart," chimed in Little Cassino. "I don't know the man you mean, but he is entitled to a fair show for his life. You agree to that, Woodpecker?"

"I don't want nobody's skelp 'cept o' them as murdered my pard. But of Gin Cocktail's right, I'll kill Soft Tommy though a thousand men stood against us!" slowly replied the aven-

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Though polite and courteous to all, they avoided the saloons and gambling-houses as though contagion lurked there. They made no intimate friends, seeming rather to avoid than court observation. Hence they were dubbed "high-toned," "got the big-head," and "they han't no better'n they should be, ur they wouldn't act so darned squeaky."

The door of the little slab shanty was closed, and when Bart Noble knocked loudly, there came a faint exclamation as of alarm, and a hurried busting around, with some little delay before the door was opened. A fair-haired, pale-faced lad, whose trembling fingers were buttoning a coarse blue blouse, confronted the miners. There was alarm, if not absolute terror, in the full blue eyes as Soft Tommy beheld them, those rough, excited faces, though he managed to stammer a few words, asking their pleasure.

"Don't you be skeered, young 'un," replied Noble, not unkindly. "They's somethin' happened down-town which we thought mebby you might know somethin'—"

"It's murder—that's what it is!" snarled Gin Cocktail, venomously. "You're ketched at last, you bl—!"

"An' that's my bo—thats what it is!" angrily cried Bart, as he turned and grasped the bummer, twisting him around until the proper portion of his anatomy for such a visitation was at a convenient distance, then applying his heavy boot with signal effect. "You just open your head ont' your betters is done, an' I'll double the dose—you hear me!"

"He said murder—indeed, indeed, gentlemen, I know nothing of this—I have not left this house since brother went away, yesterday," gasped Soft Tommy, brushing his beaded brow.

"I b'lieve it—every word. But you know what the law is. You've bin a'cused—an'

though the fellor as did it is such a'oudacious liar he cain't even b'lieve hisself—why, you must come over an' tell the boys all you've bin doin'. Don't you fret, now; 'tain't nothin' when you git used to it. You say you don't know nothin' about it, an' I b'lieve you. Then you won't be hurt. You shell hev a fair trial—that I kin promise ye, anyhow."

Despite this unusual consideration on Noble's part, the accused, instead of feeling reassured, grew even more agitated, until he had to be carried rather than led to the scene of the mysterious murder. And when he stood beside the rude coffin which contained the mutilated remains of Salt peter, his agitation was excessive—and so much so that Bart interchanged a troubled and pained glance with the doctor. If not guilty, Soft Tommy was behaving most unaccountably.

"He knows something about it—more than he is willing to tell," whispered Little Cassino; "and yet he couldn't have killed a big man like Salt peter. Is his brother—this Sneaky, as you call him—anything like *him*?"

"In featur's only. He's a tall, likely fellor—"

"Could he have handled Salt peter?"

"He looks able—though Salt was a tough mouthful, when he let whisky alone. Then you think—?"

"That he's trying to hide the real murderer; I don't think you need guess twice who that is," replied the doctor.

"I reckon you've struck pay-dirt, Doc. Anyhow, I'll work that lead, ef I kin only git the boys to put me in as judge. Look at em now! They're growin' red-hot! That fool boy! he's twistin' the rope to hang himself, with such woman's doin's. I'm dubious it'll be tough work savin' his neck, if he don't brace up."

Bart Noble spoke no more than the truth. Soft Tommy's strong agitation was observed and commented upon, as usual with human nature, having the worst possible construction placed upon it. The diggers were rapidly becoming convinced that Gin Cocktail had, for once in his life, told the truth when he denounced the lad as Salt peter's murderer. Only the prompt interference of Bart and Little Cassino prevented, or rather postponed, the outbreak.

"Gentlemen—we are losing time, valuable time for me, at least, since I have left my patients in order to see justice done here. I believe we are all agreed on one point: that the prisoner is to have a fair trial. As honest, law-abiding citizens, we can do no less. Therefore, gentlemen, I propose that you nominate Barton Noble as judge to try this case. You all know him. He will do what is right and square, though the heavens fall. Those in favor of Noble for judge, will please hold up their hands," and Little Cassino set the example, which was followed by three-fourths of the crowd.

Noble bore his honors with characteristic coolness, doffing his hat and smoothing down his tangled hair as he took possession of the three-legged stool procured from the nearest house, and at once proceeding to select a jury. Scarcely a man present but was ready and willing to serve, but Noble made good use of his authority and promptly rejected all those whom he believed were strongly prejudiced against the prisoner. At length the panel was complete.

"Now, boys," impressively stated Judge Lynch, "you're sworn to do your duty an' nothin' but your duty, a'cordin' to the sense the Lord hev given ye. You must listen to the evidence, both for an' ag'in' the prisoner; you must weigh it well, rubbin' out all as won't hold water an' makin' a note of what you think is clean dis. You must decide on the evidence, no a'cordin' to your prejudice or ag'in' the pris'n'r. One thing more. We're here for busi-ss, mind. They ain't to be no skylar'ing or skygung in my court. Ef that 'r, I'll jest a-journ the court, an' ef I don't like the fender right out o' his boots, it'll be because he looks me—thar's all!"

Gin Cocktail was the first witness called, and he gave in his evidence with a gusto that told how greatly he relished the unpleasant predicament in which Soft Tommy found himself. Always of an exuberant imagination, on this occasion the bummer fairly outdid himself, telling such outrageous and impossible lies, despite the repeated warnings of the judge, that he helped rather than injured the cause of the prisoner. At last, in utter disgust, the judge ordered him in from the stand, and bade the jury consider that they had ever listened to his lies.

Other witnesses followed, but their evidence threw little light upon the matter in question, being merely repetitions of the "queer conduct" of the brothers since their arrival at Blue Earth, until Woodpecker, growing impatient at the loss of time which might allow the real murderer to escape, said:

"Ax about him the knife, judge—ax him the knife, b'f you git the bo—"

"Did this ever belong to you?" and Noble held up the knife.

"No, sir; I never owned a knife like that,"

"He lies, judge!" yelled Gin Cocktail, furiously. "I've seed him with it many an' many—"

"Tom Wilson—you jest throw that warmant down an' set on him ontel I'm done here; ef I don't lick some o' the nat'r'nal cussedness out o' him, I'm bl—!"

The big digger promptly and literally complied, coolly squatting upon the angry bummer, occasionally administering a punch or two as a hint for his seat to keep quiet. Scarcely was the laugh which this proceeding aroused quelled, than another interruption occurred. The bartender, popularly known as Reddy, from his fiery *chevalure*, pushed through the crowd and addressed the judge.

"Ax pardon, judge, but I reckon I kin set you right about that knife. Jest look at the side; I reckon you'll find the two letters of my name scratched there."

"R. P., near as I kin make out—so 'tain't your'n; your name's Dick Fifer, ain't it?"

"Richard Pfeiffer," grimed Reddy, spelling his name in full. "I wouldn't 'a' putt in it, judge, only ye see that knife was given to me by a lady."</p

"I mean, Arthur, that changes have come to both of us since last we met. You are the commandant on this border, while I am—"

"What?" asked the officer, as the other paused.

"The Hermit Chief!"

"Good God! are you that monster? Have you come to that?"

"Steady, boy, steady! Your tongue has slipped its leash and goes galloping wildly."

"Yes, after I left the States, you know why, I had to plot and counter-plot to keep from starving; so I came West, and circumstances made me a robber-chief."

"A fit termination to your guilty acts of years ago; but, why do you seek me here? is not the bond between us severed?"

"No, Arthur, and it never can be," somewhat sadly said the Hermit Chief, and then he confirmed firmly:

"I came not here to ask gold of you, but to demand the release of my lieutenant, now your prisoner, for when I learned of his capture, then it was that I heard that Arthur Radcliff was the new commander of this new frontier post."

"Yes, and a short while ago you held in your power my daughter Ruth."

"Ha! now I recall the resemblance that so haunted me. Yes, she was captured by some of my men, and rescued by that arch-fiend, the Prairie Pilot; but, Arthur, I must have Ralph Randolph—"

"What? is the outlaw prisoner in my power that youth?" cried Colonel Radcliff, in surprise.

"Yes; do you think that I would allow that prize to slip through my fingers? Oh, no!"

"And the girl—"

"Is at my cabin. The two believe themselves my chil' ren."

"My God! when will your villainies end?"

"In the grave—"

The deep voice of the Hermit Chief was almost reproachful as he uttered these words.

After an instant of silence, Colonel Radcliff said:

"And you desire the release of Ralph Randolph?"

"I demand it. You can not hang him!"

"I would not wish his blood on my hands. I have been wild, perhaps, and through your influence have been guilty of acts I would not recall; but I am not wicked enough to take his life, if in my power to save him. Yet, how can it be done?"

"Easily. He was married to a young girl that really loves him. Keep less strict guard over him and she will get him out."

"It shall be done. Now our business ends, I suppose."

"No; I must ask you to be less persevering in your attacks on my hand—at least while I command it, which will not be long."

"Thank God for that. Now our interview en's—"

"Not quite. I desire you to witness one of our outlaw executions."

"Indeed! Who is your victim now?" sneeringly asked the officer.

"One for whom you seem to have a deadly hatred, men tell me. We heard where he had his retreat, and I sent men there, who luckily caught him while he was fishing, and unsuspecting of danger; but his splendid horse, repeating-rifle and belt of arms they did not find."

"To whom do you refer?" somewhat impatiently asked Colonel Radcliff.

"To the Prairie Pilot."

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE VERGE OF DEATH.

When the Hermit Chief made known who was his prisoner, Colonel Radcliff started, and an exclamation of surprised pleasure escaped his lips.

"I thought it would be pleasant news to you; but darkness is coming on, and if you wish to see the Prairie Pilot hanged, we must hasten."

"I will go, for I wish that man out of the way. True he has done me only kindnesses, but if he lives I feel that Ruth will become his wife in spite of all that I can do. And I am glad to have the affair taken off of my hands."

"Doubtless; but come."

Leading the way, the Hermit Chief ascended the hill to the top of the bluff, where were visible in the gloom fully two-score of men, standing in ominous silence.

"I would not be seen by your men; I will remain here in the shadow of this tree," said Colonel Radcliff, halting.

"As you please; when the show is over, you know the way home, and we will await Ralph here. This note given to him will explain."

"I will see that he gets the note, and will do all I can to effect his escape. Farewell."

The Hermit Chief half held out his hand, but withdrew it instantly with a bitter laugh, and walked toward the group standing some hundred yards away.

In the midst of that group was Prairie Pilot; his face pale and stern, his form erect, his eyes flashing defiance upon his foes.

As the Hermit Chief had said, he had been surprised while fishing in the river for his evening meal, and when armed with only one revolver and knife.

But he made a brave resistance, and it was only after a desperate struggle that he was secured.

That his retreat was not far away his captors knew; but search as they might, no trace of it could be found, and they were compelled to come away with their prisoner, without having found his famous steed, or secured his famous rifle and belt of arms.

When the Hermit Chief advanced, there was a noose around the neck of Prairie Pilot, and the rope that was to drag him up to an ignominious death was thrown already across the limb of a tree above his head.

Thus far the Hermit Chief had not seen his prisoner, his capture having been reported to him while he was waiting for the coming of Colonel Radcliff, and with some curiosity he walked forward and gazed into the noble, handsome face of the scoundrel.

Involuntarily an exclamation of surprise arose to his lips; but it was checked by the manner of Prairie Pilot, whose eyes flashed fire, and face became livid, while every vein on his forehead stood out like cords.

Startled by his emotion, the chief stepped back, and sternly ordered:

"String him up! and quickly, too, or the devil may yet aid in his escape."

A dozen men seized the end of the rope, and running off with it, the splendid form of Prairie Pilot was the next moment dangling in the air, the handsome face black with rage and pain.

Quickly the end of the rope was made fast to a small sapling, and a cheer broke from the crowd of bandits, as they felt that at last their unfiring enemy was beyond them further injury.

But, as the cheer ended, a rapid rattle of rifle-shots came from over the bluff, and several outlaws fell dead in their tracks.

Instantly there was the wildest excitement, and mounting in hot haste, while, believing that they were attacked by a body of troops, they dashed off at full speed, the Hermit Chief at their head.

As they disappeared in the gloom of the timber, a horseman rode by like the wind, his steel springing over the dead bodies of the outlaws, and his knee brushing against the swaying body of Prairie Pilot—the horseman was Colonel Arthur Radcliff, riding with all speed toward the fort, and leaving the ghastly scene behind him.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 342.)

GLEAMS FROM THE PAST.

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

Is it the breath of the roses
Mid the calm of the starlit night,
That caresses your face with a gladness
As bright as your eyes a sweet light?
Or is it a moment old,
That comes with the breath of the flowers—
A memory of moments that faded
And died with the summer-time hours?

I see where the river is gleaming
And flushing the valley with light,
And I know that a passionate dreaming
Is thrilling your being to-night.
For the stars are the celestial path,
That guardeth the dim shadowland,
An echo of gladness is breathing
And the touch of a long vanished hand

Is thrilling your heart with the sweetness
It knew but so long ago—
Eric, the shade of some one bringing
Its chalice of unmeasured woe.
The past has its treasures of beauty,
Its glimmers of golden light,
Its memories of pleasures that vanished
And ended in sorrow and blight.

And I know from the passionate yearning
That looks from your worshipful eyes,
That a gleam from your dreamland
Has brought you a long-drawn sigh.
And yet, when the purple shadows close,
The twilight somber and cold
Fall over the river and valley
And the wide-sweeping landscape enfold.

A smile on your beautiful face—
Forgetful of years that have vanished,
Unheeding the footstep that trage
Far back to the sunny-edged portal,
Then sink with the radiant years,
That left for the sweet hopes they blighted
But sorrow and vain, bitter tears.

Long ago, in a sweet, smiling summer,
A sunbeam bright and glowing,
You longed for the gold of the autumn
And the brightness that endeth in gloom.
You knew not the breath of the spoiler
That blighted the beautiful flowers,
Would chill all your radiant day-dreams
And banish the fair, fleeting hours.

Ah! childhood hours are the brightest,
And wondrous come but too soon—
And when the sunbeams of the blossoms
Oft find in the summer a tomb,
And that oft are the mists of the autumn
Brood low in our autumn-hued sky,
The flowers of hope and of beauty,
In fair, broken sweetness will lie.

THE TWO LETTERS.

Under the Surface:
OR,
Murder Will Out.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.

AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "MABEL VANE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TWO LETTERS.

THE next morning, languid, listless and yawning, Minerva Clayton cast her eyes over the local columns of the *Ledger*. The girl, despite the look of self-satisfaction and settled triumph of a few evenings ago, had not been entirely at ease since. The form of Algernon Floyd, tall, elegant, dark-bearded, dignified and hawk-eyed, had haunted her mind. Had she not reckoned too rashly, too hastily, on winning him and his *hundred thousands*? She knew that he was of a haughty, impulsive nature, stern and unbending in some matters; yet she likewise knew that, a year or so ago, the young man was ardently in love with her. She well recollects that she, almost with scorn, had repelled the advances of this penniless young man, and had told him, quite plainly, that no poverty-stricken youth could ever expect to win the hand of Minerva Clayton, the peerless. Despite this, however, there had been times when a faint glow of admiration for the elegant form and handsome, swarthy face of Algernon Floyd, the penniless, had flashed through her bosom. She knew his lion nature, his super *hustler*; and these traits, coupled with personal attractions, had, more than once, made Minerva Clayton pause and think.

"Your name is Clinton," said the girl.

"Clinton?" repeated the girl, with a smile.

"Yes, Clinton," said the girl.

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The Mystery of Warren Guild-land.

A STORY OF ONE OF THE THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER, a creation of splendid power and of commanding interest, that will challenge admiration and awaken an attention such as Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew" excited. Like that great romance, it makes of a tradition a fact of tremendous potency, for the Red Cross is on

One of the Baleful Shekels which were the price of the Savior's betrayal, and though, as tradition tells, twenty-nine of the accursed coins were destroyed, the thirtieth remained, to preserve in remembrance the memory of a stupendous crime and to hold its possessor in the thralldom of a LIVING CURSE. This is the agent that gives the *motif* to this

GREAT AND BRILLIANT PRODUCTON, whose characters and acts are *all of to-day*, in our own time and circles, giving it to a fascinating and almost startling interest. We present it to readers with equal pleasure and pride, conscious of its superiority to any popular novel which has seen the light since Eugene Sue's *accursed* and ill-omened

Wandering Jew made his existence and deathless misery the theme of story.

Sunshine Papers.

Ethics of a Mirror.

THERE are two articles of faith in a woman's creed—a mirror and a man; no!—a man and a mirror. One, being of a reflective nature, never deceives her; the other, being by nature deceptive, always deceives her. Yet, strange creature that a woman is, to the end of her life she continues to regard those two articles with religious and almost equal constancy. Indeed, it would take a most unbiased judge—probably no mortal will ever be found quite philosophically profound enough, and equally profoundly unprejudiced, to be a competent adjudicator—to decide which of the two—a member of the masculine sex or a mirror—is dearest to the female heart. Of course man, with his uncomquerable natural conceit, would fondly believe that some one of his sex was the favored object; while woman, with her inborn spirit of uncharitableness as regards her judgment of her own sex, would sententiously decide for the mirror. So the vexed question must remain forever unsettled; only, really, how a woman exist without her mirror?

Never was there a maiden so innocent, so untutored, so strangely educated, so savagely reared, but that she became familiar with her own face and form as reflected back to her from some broken bit of glass, polished surface of metal, pool of dark water, or brilliant, dewy globe. She may lose a lover, and shed a small ocean of salty tears on his account, but, so long as she is not deprived of a mirror, consolation under this heartrending calamity is left her. She consults her glass to see whether her eyes have grown very red, and how interesting she looks in her grief, and is comforted. And though that distressing man may be gone for years, until her hair grows streaked with gray, and wrinkles are plainly discernible upon her brow, still she will find her mirror a comforter and friend to whom she will confide her griefs and disappointments, with many long, dreamy glances recalling her first study of her face there as a maiden wood.

It certainly is undeniable that woman makes of her mirror a great friend. She goes to it in anger, and in sorrow, and in joy. She consults it upon the length of her new skirts, the shortness of her nose, the thickness of her last application of powder, the thinness of her lessening locks, and her general appearance after her first proposal. Before it she lives over the past, dreams, and fashions futurity; devises new methods of arranging the hair; practices smiles, attitudes, glances, and gestures; studies colors, draperies, and effects. In fact, the larger part of some women's lives is devoted to consultations with the mirror.

And this is as it should be! There is any need of so much precious time being spent before that quicksilver shrine, on the part of we feminines? Is there any sense in our unparalleled devotion to a friend that is so purely a repetition of ourselves in our least enviable lights? Let every woman have her mirror. Let every woman, with its help, make herself as beautiful as possible. It is a woman's right to be charming and pleasing. But there are charms that cannot be gained by any hours of experiments before our glasses. There are ways of pleasing that are best known to those who spend least time in mere outward adornment. To make a constant friend of

one's mirror is to wash one's character with vanity, conceit, selfishness, and self-love; traits wholly ruinous to a woman's true loveliness. Nor is it necessary that hours should be spent upon one's toilet, to make it becoming and attractive. The most simple costumes, and comparatively inexpensive ones, by the exercise of pure taste and artistic effects, are far more noticeable and admirable to the majority of eyes than the elaborate dresses that are wholly indescribable in their multiplicity of detail.

If there are young ladies who will train themselves to regard their mirrors as of only equal consequence with their brushes and combs and other toilet appliances; who will affect pure taste and plainness in dress; who will spend more time upon their physical development and mental culture than upon arranging finery before a toilet-glass; theirs will be the satisfactory results of gaining only approving reflections from their mirrors, and truthful regard, esteem, and promises, from the men who choose them as friends and companions.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

THE GUIDE-BOARD.

NO. I.

D've know the road to the bar'l of flour?
At break' day let down the bars,
And plow y'r wheat-fields hour by hour,
Till indown—yes, till shin of stars.

—OLD SONG.

MANY and many a tired housekeeper too knows the road to the flour-barrel, for such a lot of articles there are to prepare, and such a lot of persons there are to prepare them for, that I don't wonder they often feel inclined to wish people didn't have such appetites; yet these same housekeepers continue in their work and the folks of the house are well provided for. How much better that is than to give up cooking because people are so hungry! There is a great deal of toil in preparing this barrel of flour. The farmer must be up betimes to plow his wheat-fields, for he well knows that dilly-dallying, lying in bed late in the morning, or moping about the house will never make him successful. The morning air invigorates him and he will work the more satisfactorily when the day is fresh and he has just risen from a refreshing sleep. Oh, how lovely is the early dawn in the country! What an aroma of sweetness and healthful perfume fills the very air we inhale! Among the many things we have to thank God for one is certainly the bright summer morn in the country.

This rising early in the morning and getting to work is what makes our farmers and their wives, their lads and lasses, have such strong constitutions and live to such a good old age. I hope none of you are so foolish as to think a strong constitution is coarse and that robustness is decidedly unfashionable, because I shall just tell you that it is nothing of the kind. The road to the barrel of flour is sooner traveled by the strong and healthy ones, who are willing to work and push ahead, than by the whining, puny, make-believe sick hypochondriacs who want others to make the bread and let them eat it. Too lazy to let down the bars, to sow the seed, to plow the field and gather the harvest, they are not too lazy to eat.

"Working out in the fields is decidedly low and coarse, eh! For the one thousand, nine hundred and ninety-ninth time allow me to say it's nothing of the kind. *Work is noble*, and he who decries it is the ignoble one, and he ought to hide his head in very shame for giving utterance to such thoughts. If work were to stop because no one was noble enough to continue it, the flour-barrels would soon become empty, and starvation would kill the people off.

It may seem to you that this working in the soil may be very dirty work. I grant you that, but soap and water are cheap commodities and cleanliness can be gained again. It is no use to be ashamed of honest toil because it is dirty. I wish there were less dirty work of other kinds in this world. I also wish that those who do such dirty work—where honesty is at such a discount—would not take so much pride in performing it; and I also wish that these dirty, dishonest individuals could wash and clean their consciences as easily as the farmer can his face and hands. The dirt doesn't cling to the farmer with such tenacity as does the scum to the dishonest man. When you decry the honest work of the husbandman and uphold those whose money is gained by trickery, you are "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel" or, to use brother Tom's very expressive—yet less elegant phrase—you are "straining at an ant and swallowing a saw-mill." How is that for ventilation?

But we can not all be farmers, and yet we all need the contents of the barrel of flour. As the farmer has got to be up early to let down the bars, so should we arise in time to set about our daily tasks. The loitering clerk, the vagabond master, or the procrastinating workman will never gain health or wealth. The early ones will get ahead in the race because they have started first and have improved the golden moments, moments too precious to lose.

Half the world knows not how the other half lives, because they don't get up early enough to find out. Many dream out their lives while others are working them out; and then, when they feel hungry and go to the flour-barrel, they are actually surprised to find it empty, and think some one should fill it for them, and gratuitously too. How many moments are wasted, how many lives there are not worth the living, and how many hands are lying in idleness!

But, thank Heaven, we have noble beings still among us who are not afraid or ashamed to work, let the work be dirty—if it be honest labor—or clean—individuals whose names are not written in sand but in the great Book of Life—who live for something and strive for something, going step by step until the journey is done, and following the right path which the hand of the guide-board points to.

EVIE LAWLESS.

LEAVES.

"Leaves have their time to fall."

Do you care for them? Do you love them? Have you ever thought of how much they may recall? Whether fresh and young in the waning of springtime; whether sere and crisp and modestly falling before the frosty gales, there is a memory clinging to them, and every flutter and rustle seems to me like a whisper from long ago. They are very dear to me. I remember how, before school hours, the gallant boys were wont to weave us pretty wreaths of leaves and vine and blossoms, all half damp with dew and redolent with scents; and how, at eventide, we played beneath the oaks the gay games of childhood, romping at hide-and-seek among the bushes, while our various beau's wore different leaves, in hat or button-hole, in honor of his sweetheart. The time was one of holy affection and magical ties.

If there are "sermons in stones" there are pictures in leaves—to be painted by the wand of imagery. I have gathered them by the

brookside, dabbling in the water and dreaming of supposed Nereids far down among their caves of shells and rainbows, their groves and bowers lighted by the sky-tinted medusa. Yet I thought my little bedroom as bright a bower as theirs, for I had leaves in water-cups and vases, a fernery of precious plants; and whenever the sunshine crept in, there was a rose and its leaf to greet it. In the fall, when out chestnutting—while we helpless girls could not climb—I have watched my favorite face, fair up among the brown leaves, and thrown a kiss to my bold champion as he showered down the sweet nuts. Then for a ramble in the grim old woods, our feet crashing and swishing over the crispy leaves—to gather a bundle of marvelous hues for pressing and framing during winter evenings. Grandma used to teach us how pretty they looked in wreaths upon the white walls—blending of pink and red and brown and yellow, richly and prettily.

—The mother-in-law problem has been reduced to its lowest terms in Maine. One man had four daughters and one son; his neighbor four sons and one daughter; these were enamored of those; net result—five weddings, aggregating only two mothers-in-law.

—A correspondent of the *National Baptist*, Philadelphia, tells a romantic story of a young man named Randall, formerly a resident of New York, who was captured in Syria by the Bedouins, married a chief's daughter, and has converted her and others of the tribe to the Christian faith.

—The French are showing a great energy in their preparation for the Paris Exhibition of 1878. *Le Champ de Mars* is now being in closed and foreign commissions have been received to send one of their number to represent them at Paris, with power to transact all matters in which their countrymen may be interested such as the allotment of space.

—The latest in runaway matches is that of a belle and a barber from New Orleans. Society there is whetted to its keenest edge, and the father threatens to strangle his child if caught. The history of the affair shows a clean shave. The authorities are after them, and there will doubtless be a brush. The barber will probably say game.

—When the first newspaper was started in Japan the editor asked a Japanese gentleman if he wished to have the paper sent regularly. "No, I thank you; I have a copy," he replied. The gentleman of the old school had no idea that a newspaper contained fresh matter with every issue.

—"Leave your trunks at home," is a suggestion of Philadelphia newspapers to the multitude about to depart to the Centennial Exhibition. Mountains of trunks rise in every railroad depot, and travelers are frequently delayed in obtaining them. A hand-valise is far preferable. The fashionable garment in the Exhibition and on the streets is the one every person has worn in the ship.

—Brunswick, Ga., is suffering as severely from the yellow fever as Savannah, and not being as wealthy a city, its inhabitants have less ability to take care of the poor who are sick. The fever was introduced into the place by a sailor who was taken from a Spanish vessel sick with the disease and died, Sept. 18th. The next case was that of a poor woman who had washed clothes in the water. Then the disease spread.

—The last Paris sensation is a velocipede wedding, some very couples going one on double velocipedes. They went to the Bois de Boulogne, headed by a mounted fiddler, and, after enjoying themselves, filed away to a restaurant, and wheeled home at night, the leader racing his fiddle by a lamp.

—Turner the painter, was at a dinner where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened. A poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast, "The painters and glaziers of England." The toast was drunk; and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed "Success to the paper-stainers," and called on the poet to respond.

—The new sultan is thus described by a correspondent of *The London Times*: "A long, narrow head, a stern, resolute expression, indicative of energy, of intelligence, an earnest and not very placable disposition. It seemed to me the countenance of a ruler capable of much good or much evil, but knowing his own mind and determined to have his own will. Then there was an air befitting a high-bred man conscious of himself and bent on exacting his due."

—That a human being may die of happiness is illustrated by Bellini's exit from this world's stage. He went to Paris to complete his "Puritan," and had so great a success that he was carried in triumph upon the stage, where he was to play the part of a man before his mother, from a simple day overwhelmed him. He went sick to the house of a friend at Puteaux and died there. He was buried in Père-Lachaise. That was in 1834; and it was only the other day that his remains were carried to Italy for interment in his native city of Catania.

—A Scotch lady who put on a seal-skin jacket for the first time at a country church was much surprised by hearing the following remark made to her husband while passing through the graveyard: "When did the mistress get her claws stolen?" "Claws stolen! What do you mean?" "Oh, I just thought some tramp had walked off with her wadrobe and you had given her an old shotgun-jacket to get to the Kirk in."

—The lead product and consumption of this country are both rapidly increasing, while imports are decreasing. In 1866 the product was 14,342 tons; in 1875, 53,000; with imports in 1866 of 27,000 tons; in 1875, 11,000. The annual consumption of the United States about 60,000 tons, from which it appears that a slight increase of production would give a surplus for exportation. Spain and Great Britain are the only countries which yield more lead than the United States, their product being 67,000 and 63,000 tons respectively.

—Cardinal Antonelli has his office—is in fact the greatest plenipotentiary in the Roman Catholic Church, and is by far the wealthiest Catholic ecclesiastic, if not the wealthiest of all Italians. His fortune is variously estimated at from 10,000,000 to 35,000,000 francs, independently of his rare and priceless collection of works of art, ancient coins, ancient statuary and other articles of *virtù*, worth not less than 20,000,000. The cardinal possesses one of the finest assortments of precious stones to be found in Europe, and he can boast of diamonds of all shapes of the purest water, incomparable emeralds, pearls and turquoise, the richest laces and the matchless marvels of the loom of the last period.

—A balloon that ascended from Alexandra Palace on Aug. 23d was attacked by a bullet on its descent in a meadow in Kent. One of the aeronauts threw out the last two bags of ballast, and the balloon rose in time to escape the horns of the bull. While goring the bags and scattering their contents, the animal's horns came in contact with the grape-rope, cutting it so that the balloon fell and the wind drove it out of the ear. He seized the lightning and was hauled into the car before the balloon had ascended many hundred feet. The air-slip finally anchored a mile to leeward of the bull.

—Exhibitions of antiquities and centennial reliefs are made at almost every country fair this year. At a fair now being held in Ridgefield, Conn., the chief exhibits of this nature are: A commission in the provincial army 161 years old, signed by G. Saltonstall, "Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces in Connecticut," a mortar used to grind snuff, brought from Ireland in 1719, a pair of wedding-shoes over 200 years old, an oath of allegiance signed by one Thaddeus Keeler at Valley Forge, and an inn-keeper's sign having upon it the date 1794.

—We shall follow Mr. Clark's story of adventures in Ceylon, now delighting the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, with Oll Coomes' narratives of his own and comrades' experience and exploits as amateur hunters and sportsmen in the buffalo and antelope ranges of the wild West. Under the guise of

ment, and she came to her conclusion. It was a very sad keroue.

Arc, I hear an angel sing!

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

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POEM.

Written for the annual banquet of the Phoenix Society of Lawrence University.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

When brothers leave the old hearthstone,
And go, each one, a separate way,
We think, as we go on alone,
Along our pathways, day by day,
Of old scenes, of old dear ones,
Of voices that we miss so much,
And memory brings the absent near
Until we almost feel the touch
Of loving hands, and hear, once more,
The dear old voices ringing out
As in those happy times of yore,
Ere life had caught one shade of doubt.

If you should place against your ear
The shell you plundered from the sea,
Doubtless it would be a joy to hear
A low and tender melody,
A yearning, born of memory;
And though its yearnings be denied,
The shell keeps singer of the sea,
And so the old scenes are born again,
Like ghosts, the chambers of the soul.
We feel the yearning, deep and strong,
A longing we can not control,
To lay our cares and business by,
And seek the old familiar ways,
And by home's genial hearth sit down
With comrades of our earlier days.

For, though our paths are sundered wide,
We feel that we are brothers yet,
And by and by we'll be aside,
From the world, and all its worldy fret,
And each one wanders back to meet
His brothers by the hearth of home.
I think the meeting is more sweet,
Because so far and wide we roam.
We cross the length and breadth of years,
Meet in stretched hands and faces full
The silent eloquence of fears
Speeches welcome that no words could do!

Those who have not yet left the hearth
Have spread a festal board to-night,
Beneath their warm and kindling rays,
And they have called their brothers back
To sit with them an hour or two.
No welcome shall the wanderers lack!
Close the door, as if the world were to do!
Is that from which the Phoenix springs,
And in the ties of brotherhood
We give our heartfelt welcomes.

Come round the festal board to-night,
Fair beauty smiles upon us here,
And eyes, filled with bewitching light,
Have brought their radiant sunshine near.
A happy time for you and me;
We draw near to friends to spend now,
No distance from "the powers that be,"
Nor worship at a distance now.

A toast for beauty, then, to-night,
For radiant eyes and rose-red lips,
Faces brimming with delight,
And cheeks flushed in the eclipse
The blushes in the rose, heart
A pink flush of amoneness.

If cheeks were flowers, how fine an art
To gather sweets, like honey bees.
I fancy that the story old
About "May, busy, bee,"
Of many a comrade could be told
With truth as well as poetry!

Let genial mirth and wit go round;
With glee and mirth and mirth enough;
In one of care-free gladness drawn
Full draughts of friendship's Lotus wine,
That, drinking you may quite forget
The pain which stirs your heart and mine
With longing for the past, regret.
Revest for golden hours miss,
And longings for the great To Be,
Toward which so many hopes are sent
Like ships that sail away to sea.

But ah, we can not quite forget!
A memory steals across the soul
Of hands that ours have sometimes met,
Close-folded under churchyard mold.
O eyes that still the suns own
Of dreamless sleep of God.
A sweeter rest was never known
Than theirs, beneath the grave's white sod.
A tender thought for them to-night,
A tribute-tear from memory,
Beneath their coverings of white
Sweet may their dreamless slumber be!

Far off the future seems; and yet
To-day its doors swing open wide
Before us, and the world is ours
To venture on the paths untried,
With fear it may be; faltering feet
Are many in the path of life,
But courage can not know defeat,
And strength here stands in the strife.
I trust in you, may forget!

When paths have led our steps afar,
That knowledge is our compass yet,
And truth our guiding polar star.
So waits in every heart to-night,
In letters of no time seen afar,
The legend of our brotherhood,
The motto of "Enit imur."

Be steadfast in the ways of right;
Be earnest in the war with sin;
Strike hands while friendship's mellow chimes
Are ringing olden memories in.
And pledge a brother's vows with me,
In friendship's warm and tender ties,
True to each other and to God,
Where'er in life our mission lies.

Great Adventurers.

AMERIGO VESPUCCI,
The Navigator Whose Name We Bear.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

FATE sometimes makes strange awards. That continent discovered by Columbus should have been named after a man who had never seen the New World until after Columbus had made a report of his explorations of the main land and the Orinoco river mouths, in his third voyage, is not to the credit of Fate, nor complimentary to the three young German priests by whose efforts the name was bestowed. But, however unjust to Columbus and unmerited the honor to the later voyageur, the world accepted the Germans' suggestion, and almost before the great first discoverer died his realm was recognized as America, or America.

Amerigo Vespucci, born at Florence, March 9th, 1451, was, like Columbus, well educated in the sciences of natural philosophy, astronomy and geography as most useful to maritime success. It was then prospering by its trade with all known nations, and her enterprising navigators were in great favor with other courts—particularly with Spain and Portugal, whose ships were searching out into the unknown seas to the south and west.

In the year 1490 Amerigo proceeded to Spain for purposes of trade, settling in Seville as agent or partner in a commercial house, and in the capacity of merchant and trader became familiar with the great adventurers and explorers whose outifts he helped to make and whose return from the New World filled all Europe with the fever of gain and conquest. He did not, however, venture with other adventurous spirits until in 1499, when the reports of Columbus' discovery of the mainland at Trinidad and his singular predictions that the Orinoco river came down from the true Paradise to empty in the Gulf of Pearls (Paria) impelled Amerigo to venture out with Ojeda, who had accompanied Columbus in his first voyage. Familiar as the Florentine was with the science of navigation and astronomy and conversant with the charts of all the voyages, he was made pilot of Ojeda's expedition and as such fully participated in that most interesting exploration of the coast of the continent, from a point about 600 miles below the Orinoco up to Cape de la Veda. These adventurers landed at many points to traffic with the natives,

and after sixteen months returned to Spain with considerable stores of plunder but no substantial fruits of conquest.

Amerigo, now fully inflamed with the spirit of adventure, so interested Emmanuel, King of Portugal, in the scheme of discovery and possession of this new land of marvelous fertility, genial climate, vast rivers, precious woods and rich promise of gold, that the Portuguese king zealously embraced the Florentine's views, hoping to advance the already magnificent maritime prosperity of the kingdom. He fitted out three fine ships, giving Amerigo their conduct. This fleet sailed in May, 1501, and in August struck the coast near what is now Cape St. Roque, (Brazil.) From thence he sailed down, examining and adventuring ashore as he went, and meeting with numerous adventures. In fighting the Indians and carrying off their most precious possessions, at one landing filling his vessels with their women as "slaves;" or, at another time, finding the nation peaceably inclined, in traffic for their food, products and ornaments, he passed all the winter, and in April found himself as far south as latitude 50°—greatly beyond any point then reached by any explorer. There he paused. His men were frightened by the rugged coast, the shortness of the days, the exceeding cold and the tempestuous seas. A few miles further and he would have struck the straits which lead to the western side of the continent; but the discovery and passage of those turbulent waters was left to Magellan, who, in the search ordered by Ferdinand, King of Spain, for a west route to the Malacca Islands, ran down the coast over the course pursued by Vespucci, not pausing at George Island—the end of the Portuguese search—navigated the straits (Oct., 1520) and thus defined the southern limits of the great Western world. From George Island the Portuguese fleet returned home—reaching Lisbon in June, 1502.

The results of this voyage were such as to induce a repetition the next year of the explorations, with a special view of opening a passage to Malacca, with which Portugal then had a most valuable commerce by way of the Cape of Good Hope—which Bartholomew Diaz had discovered in 1486, but which was not opened to commerce until the great Vasco de Gama doubled it in November, 1497.

This second expedition Amerigo conducted, but it resulted only in more fully examining the coast, in surveying All Saints' Bay, etc., and in obtaining such knowledge of the country as would expedite colonization and commerce.

The ill-success of the former voyage, in pursuing the search to the south, induced Amerigo to turn northward in the quest for the passage to the East Indies. He cruised certainly as far up the coast as Florida—some authorities say, as far as Chesapeake Bay, but of this no reliable record exists. He apparently merely sailed north, and, convinced that no passage existed, turned homeward to so report.

His European reputation as a discoverer was first made upon his report of his second voyage, made in a letter to the great Lorenzo de Medici, then reigning Duke of Florence. This highly-colored but deeply interesting account of the strange lands seen and the perils passed by his countryman, Lorenzo, caused to be printed at Augsburg, in 1504. Being the first printed account of the discovery and exploration of the main land for nearly three thousand miles, it excited remarkable attention and interest. It was reprinted at Strasbourg (1505), with comments by its editor, Mathias Ringmann, who, by his notes, indicated clearly that it was a continent, or "new southern region," which Amerigo had visited. As up to that time, it was believed that all the lands found by Columbus and others were but the extremities of the northern continent of Asia, this claim put forth by Ringmann of a southern region, placed the discoveries in a highly interesting light before all Europe, making Vespucci the hero of a new world.

This was followed, in 1507, by the publication at the little college of the Duke of Lorraine, at St. Die (near Strasbourg), of a pamphlet of only four leaves, containing the account of four voyages by Amerigo Vespucci, which the secretary of the college—one Walter Lud—had given in a letter to the duke, written in French. Lud translated it into Latin and printed it. This account was adopted by Martin Waldseemüller, in his "Cosmographic Introductio" (1507), which was also printed on the St. Die college press; and commenting on the letter and the inferences drawn regarding the new world therein declared, the German editor said:

"And the fourth part of the world having been discovered by Americus may well be called Amerige, which is as much as to say, the land of America."

And again:

"But now these parts are more extensively explored, and, as will be seen by the following letters, another fourth has been discovered by Amerigo Vespucci, who is seen now to be a man of no small note."

He is to be named Amerigo, which is as much as to say the land of Americans or America, his discoverer, Americus, who is a man of a shrewd intellect; for Europe and Asia have both seen him a feminine form of name from the names of women."

And thus it came that the then merely as-sumed continent was talked of and written about by Germans and Italians as "America," and soon after the name was adopted in England. Spain called her possessions simply "Hispaniola," "New Spain," and the "West Indies," and was not concerned in the honors and rights of Columbus; she cared, indeed, so little for these, that even while the German were bestowing another's name on the western world, the man who gave to Spain her richest realms was dying in neglect and of a broken heart, at Valladolid (1506.)

The letter to the Duke of Lorraine professed to be the record of four voyages, but it is established beyond a doubt that he made only three, as we have stated. After his return from the last expedition (1504), Amerigo left the employ of the King of Portugal and entered that of Ferdinand, but made no more voyages. He resided at Seville, and in 1508 was made "chief pilot" of the Spanish marine, for which his qualifications were admirable. His work was to prepare charts and indicate routes for vessels and fleets bound for any portion of the new world. No man of his day had more closely studied the logs of voyages and noted explorations, and no one did more to perfect the maps of the period than he. In this office he remained until his death, which occurred at Seville, in the year 1512—he then being sixty-one years of age.

Spain, as usual with her benefactors, paid small honors to him living, but buried him with pomp and circumstance. Emanuel did him more honor, for he caused the vessel Victoria, in which Amerigo had made his last voyage, to be hung up in the great cathedral in Lisbon; and Florence, his native city, conferred upon him the marks of distinction upon his family.

MAN can do without his own approbation in much society, but he must make great exertions to gain it when he lives alone.

Brave Barbara:
FIRST LOVE OR NO LOVE.

A STORY OF A WAYWARD HEART.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

PLAYING A DOUBLE PART.

WHEN the Countess of Dunleath returned from London she detected a great change in her, obedient little Lady Alice; a change which alarmed her, and aroused suspicion on that all had not gone well in her absence. She felt about with cautious questions, but Alice avoided them all; so did her nephew, Lord Ross, and the servants. From none of them did her ladyship learn the truth, that Lady Alice—who had been so carefully guarded from the sight—had, in her absence, beheld the earl in one of his worst attacks, combining a maniac fit of temper with a fearful convolution of epilepsy.

Jackson, known: well he would lose his place if his imprudence were discovered, did all he could to hide it. Lord Ross did not care to dwell on the state of his daughter's feelings to the proud countess. Delorme had reasons for thinking it prudent to say nothing of the scene in the library.

His aunt was given to understand that the wound in his arm came from carelessness in handling his rifle whilst out shooting. The fever and pain was not great, his blood was good, and Jackson had dressed the injury so that no surgeon had to be called, and thus all unpleasing surmises were checked.

Two other scenes of some excitement had followed on, within the stately castle-walls, shortly after the singular one in the library. As soon as Herbert had sufficiently recovered from the state into which his jealous fury had thrown him, his cousin had insisted on an interview with him. It was in vain that the earl refused it, or that he arose, pale and shaking, and ordered Delorme out of his apartment when the latter insisted on a personal explanation. With great dignity, and the power which comes from superior self-command, Delorme refused to retire, and then and there had a long talk with his unhappy cousin, before the end of which he had succeeded, by the simple charm of truth and honesty, in convincing Herbert that he was and always had been his friend—that he did not want the earldom, and least of all that he did not covet the hand and heart of Lady Alice Ross.

"After that unfortunate affair which darkened my early youth, cousin Herbert, I never cared for woman. I was a wanderer on the face of the earth, until a few months ago, in the United States, I met a young lady who received my withered heart as dew revives a flower. We were betrothed, and soon to be wed, but she heard of my first marriage, and dismissed me, with scorn and contumely, without listening to any explanation. I returned to England to complete arrangements for the care and education of my child, to see you all once more, get my affairs, long neglected, into better shape, and again to become a wanderer, no one knows where or whither.

"I exonerate you, cousin," returned Herbert, still wretched and discontented, "but not Lady Alice. She loves you as much as she deserves."

"I have not discovered it, Herbert. You torment yourself unnecessarily."

"And now that she has seen me at my worst," burst out the earl, bitterly, "she will loathe me."

"I am glad that she saw you at your worst," answered Delorme, gravely. "Herbert, do you, can you and your mother, think it right to deceive the young lady with regard to your peculiar affliction? I tell you, plainly, to me it seems an execrable piece of deception, and I am glad you are thwarted in it."

"Plain talk, cousin! I dare say you expect me to like it! I swear, I am tempted yet to infer that you desire to prevent my marrying at all."

"No! no! I should love to see you happily married. But the woman who joins her life with yours has a right to know who she marries and what he is, beforehand. It would be better for your own peace, your prospects of happiness, if she still loved and clung to you after knowing all."

"Mother does not think so. My mother is wise, and she says, 'when Lady Alice is your wife she will see things as a wife should—she will love you so dearly that she will be only the more devoted on account of your suffering."

"I should be afraid of it. At all events you have now betrayed yourself, through your own indiscretion, and I rejoice at it. If Lady Alice is still willing to marry you it is her own affair, and you ought to be a very happy fellow, cousin Herbert."

But the earl, in his secret soul, felt that the girl he had threatened and accused, and before whom he had fallen to the floor in a fit, never would be willing to marry him.

The other scene was between Lord Ross and his daughter. As soon as Lady Alice had recovered from the shock of the fright and surprise in the library, she went to her father.

Too timid, too dutiful—a creature all love, obedience and sensibility—for once she was wrought up to the height of standing on her own individual rights. The tyrant scarcely recognized his own child in the pale girl, with the flashing eyes and the little figure drawn up like an arrow, who came to tell him, in deliberate words, that he might order her, be angry with her, beat her, starve her, kill her, but she never would marry the epileptic Earl of Dunleath.

"You have shamefully deceived me, father. I might forgive the countess, for he is her son; but I can not forgive you, for I am your daughter! It is the most outrageous thing the world ever heard of—this attempt of yours to sell your own flesh and blood to this half-maniac bidder!"

To hear such language from lips ever before sweetly dutiful astonished, angered, and stupefied Lord Ross. But he quickly rallied; and then and there he applied medical thumb-screws to his delicate child. He appealed to her affection for him—would she see him disgraced, bankrupt, starving, in prison?—her own father? Would she see the family pride dragged at the dust? Would she count her own silly fancies before the welfare of her parent, the salvation of the house of Ross?

If she were so undutiful, so hard-hearted, so coldly selfish, then all he could do would be to exert his full authority as her father and compel her to do right. What was there about the Earl of Dunleath that she should dare address such words to her own parent? It is true that he was afflicted with an unhappy nervous disorder,

but the attacks were brief, were not frequent, were scarcely to be taken into consideration, and when they were not upon him where would she find the equal of Herbert, Earl of Dunleath?—handsome, bright, the owner of castles and domains in a dozen counties—free-handed, generous, who would give his wife the allowance of a queen.

Then, working himself up into overbearing anger, he laid down the law, and swore, with a wicked oath, that Alice should do as he ordered her—made fearful threats of the consequences of disobedience; and sent her from him, crushed and quivering, her lofty bearing sunk in humiliation; but, deep down in the womanly soul was the resolution as firm as ever, that come what would, she would never marry the earl.

"Never!" she whispered inly, but she dared not speak it aloud.

So, when the countess returned, she met the white ghost of the blooming girl she left when she went away. Little Alice received her kiss, but she did not return it; nor did a single smile melt the firm line of her closed lips when her mother-elect displayed before her the laces, the silks, the jewels provided in lavish profusion for the coming bridal. But she would give no explanation; when the countess urged her, she merely answered that she was far from well.

Thus affairs went on for a few days, the lady of the castle perplexed and uneasy, Lord Ross unusually suave and agreeable, Delorme quiet and observing, Herbert affecting a gayety which he did not feel.

"I still expect that I will marry him. But I never shall. You know that, do you not? I have told you—assured you—sworn to you."

"The most politic way, at present, so far as I can see, is to conceal the understanding which exists between you and me; let them believe that you are submissive—that you will marry my cousin on Christmas day. Meantime I will invent some way to get you from them. I will take you away from here when the night-comes."

"Ah! and then? What will you do with me?"

"I will take you with me. We will fly from England. There are places enough in the world where you can be safe, my trembling little dove."

"I should feel safe with you anywhere."

"Let everything be as it is. I must go to town in a day or two. It is likely I shall not return until I come to the wedding. But I shall never allow you to marry the earl. Rest in peace on my assurance. I cannot leave the country until I have completed arrangements to be gone some time. Hence my inability to take you with me now. But I will have everything in readiness. I may not speak the word until I do speak it, will you be ready to obey?"

"Ready! I shall not live until then. Oh, that the days were already past. But we must go in. Those terrible eyes will read my very thoughts. I shrink from meeting him, after our talk. I shall think he has contrived to overhear it."

"Be brave, sweet Alice, and all will end well. Trust in me."

for perhaps another half-hour, they were enabled to converse a little and almost to hope.

"Miss Rensellaer" said Arthur, as the moon beamed solemnly down on their two wan faces, "in all probability neither of us will live to see the sun rise again. I thought that I loved you, when I spoke to you, on deck, just before the fire broke out. If I loved you then, imagine my feelings now! It seems as if we two had lived alone together a hundred years. Should I live—which I scarce hope for—no other woman could ever be so dear to me; I could live so close to my soul. Oh, if we do escape the dreadful waves, surely Fate, itself, has chosen us two out to pass the remainder of our lives together."

He did not say this all at one time, in even tones, but gasped it out as he had strength; and Barbara, feeling death at her heart, thought it scarcely worth while, then and there, to explain her peculiar circumstances to him.

She would not deny him the poor comfort of uttering his thoughts at such a time. But she scarcely heard him. Her own thoughts were at home, amid the flowers and trees of Bellevue, and paper was there in the quaint old library, and Delorme walked by her side up and down the long porches—the music of his voice was in her ear—low, dreamy—what was he saying that she could not hear? How low he spoke!—and the noise of the fountains got into her ears and would not let her hear him. Dreams—dreams—dreams! where was she?—oh, yes, walking with Delorme, and the trees were rustling loudly in the summer wind, and she, curiously enough, was sleepy and tired, and ever falling down while she walked, and being gathered up again in Delorme's arms.

"She is dying!" shrieked Arthur Granbury to the pitiless expanse of sea and sky.

Pitiless! Never say so again, Arthur, but give thanks forever!

What was that? A great, dark object drove between the ship and the moon.

A sailing-vessel, all sails set, and bearing down toward them.

He gave a feeble shout, which died hoarsely in his throat.

Absurd! The ship was a mile away, and his feeble voice could not be heard twenty feet from where he floated.

The vessel might not come near them—might not see them, in the night, if she did. Who can picture the prolonged agony of the next half-hour? It seemed to Granbury as if his brain was bursting and flying to pieces inside his skull.

He poured more brandy between the lips of the girl, now so nearly unconscious that she made no attempt to swallow; however, a little of it trickled down her throat, and she choked and gasped and recovered her flitting breath.

When the ship had taken fire Barbara had about her shoulders a traveling-shawl, and it was about them now. Arthur disentangled this from about her, and, as the vessel drew near and nearer to them, he spread it out and raised it high above his head, with his weak, benumbed arms, as a signal.

For ten minutes, by a superhuman strain, he managed to keep the signal hoisted. The vessel was very near.

His arms rebelled at last, and the shawl came down.

As it did so, he heard a shout, followed by loud talking, on the vessel. What followed he did not realize; he must have fainted. When he came to himself he was on the deck of the ship. Men were stooping over him. Voices were in his ear. He rolled his eyes about in search of Miss Rensellaer; the captain understood the mute interrogation:

"They have taken her into my cabin and put her into my bed. There is a woman with her and the surgeon."

"Is she alive?" asked Granbury, rising on his elbow.

"I believe so. I think they said she would soon be all right."

Then the poor fellow, who had been so cool, self-possessed and courageous, broke down into a flood of tears.

Kind hands lifted him and conveyed him below, and brought him dry garments.

"I'm sorry we've no better accommodations; 'tis the best we can do," apologized the captain, as they placed him in a sailor's bunk. "You see, this is but a fishing-vessel, just in from the north, and we're mighty short of comforts, I can tell you."

"Never mind. This is infinitely better than being *out there*," whispered Granbury. "Where are you bound for?"

"Home, thank my stars!" answered the captain. "We hope to make port within four days."

"Where?" repeated Arthur.

"At a little port on the English coast, south of Liverpool. We're from Labrador, with a cargo of oil, salt-fish and sea-weed, and glad to get in before the weather gets worse."

"That is not bad for us—to reach England in four days," murmured Granbury. "Thanks, captain," and he closed his eyes, exhausted.

In a moment he remembered that it was possible other sufferers, in his case, might be in the vicinity of the burned ship; so he made the officer bend down his ear while he told him in few words the story of his calamity, and asked him to cruise about the spot for the boats which got off, and for any who might yet, perchance, be floating.

His wishes were obeyed, faithfully, but no boat was found, nor human being either; only burnt fragments of the steamer; so, before daybreak, orders were given for the vessel to continue on her course.

On the afternoon of that day Mr. Granbury was well enough to be up and dressed—in some clothes which the surgeon lent him—and to call on Miss Rensellaer in the captain's small cabin. He found her in bed, partially sitting up, with her shawl—which the sailor's wife had dried for her—wrapped about her shoulders, her hair a mass of close-curling rings about her head and white neck, her face pale and wan, but full of life and hope. She smiled at him divinely as he entered.

"My dear Barbara—I may call you Barbara," he cried, in a low, rapturous voice, catching at her hand and covering it with kisses. "I am so glad to find you as well as I was this morning."

She drew away her hand with a slight blush.

"Yes, Mr. Granbury," she said, in her thrilling voice, "we have reason to be grateful—you to God; and I to you as well as to Him. Had it not been for your heroism I should have been lost to poor papa, and all who love me, last night. I thank you for my life, Mr. Granbury."

"And you will repay me, a million times over, for the little I did for you! I was not entirely unselfish—I said to myself, if I save this little hand she will bestow it on me!" and he again lifted and kissed the slender member which he claimed.

"Do not talk to me so, now, Mr. Granbury," pleaded Barbara, embarrassed. "I know you are too generous, too high minded to make any claims on me on the score of gratitude."

"I am, indeed!" he said, bitterly. "If your heart is not inclined toward me, that is enough! You shall hear no more from me—for, the very service I may have rendered you will close my lips."

He sat silently beside the bed; his countenance betrayed how keen was his pride and disappointment. Barbara's heart was wrung, as she looked at him; tears rushed into her eyes; he saw them, and his face brightened up; then she excused them by saying, hastily:

"My poor aunt Margaret! I am thinking of her all the time. Do you think those in that boat were safe, Mr. Granbury? Alas! she may be out now, freezing, starving, suffering; I know not what torture," and her feelings, overwrought in many ways, found relief in a shower of tears.

Mr. Granbury did his best to comfort her, telling her that there were water, provisions and blankets in the boat; that the route was one frequented by ships, and that the shipwrecked people would almost certainly be picked up within twenty-four hours; and when she grew a little calmer at his assurances he went on to tell her how soon he expected they two would be landed safely in England; to cheer and even amuse her by asking her how she fancied his borrowed plumage, and complaining of the odor of fish on board the vessel, in a comical way, that drew her mind from the more embarrassing view of their situation. He made no more love to her; but went away after an hour, saying that he would send another home with her during the evening.

Barbara looked after him admiringly as he left the little cabin. First she sighed and then the tears began to fall, large, slow and bitter.

"Was there ever a poor girl in such a tale as I am?" she complained.

Indeed, for a chit of seventeen, she had contracted to get herself into complications not easy to get out of. From the only man she loved she had broken off in a passion of wounded pride; she had engaged to marry another whom she could never even thoroughly respect, much less love; and here was, rescued and left on the hands of a third, who was making desperate love to her, and whom she could in nowise repay, though he had saved her life, and was a gentleman with a thousand claims to her gratitude and admiration.

Those four days passed on the "Mary Ann" were long days to Barbara—long and strange, both in her spiritual experience and her outward life. The cabin was small, to inconvenience, rudely furnished and dirty, the food was dreadful, but that did not inconvenience her, as she confined her diet to gruel made for her by the surgeon; the sailor's wife who waited upon her was kind, but uncouth and coarse to the verge of savagery. In the midst of such people and such rough surroundings her friend, Arthur Granbury, shone with amazing luster.

A gem of the first worth, at all times, in any setting, here he was marvelous, by contrast. A dandy in dress, as dainty as a lady in all his tastes, almost ultra fine and fashionable, the "magnificent broker" had so much of the true man under his outside polish that he met his present unpleasant circumstances without flinching.

He ate salt fish without referring to the fact he was accustomed to a finer meat; he wore his ill-fitting borrowed garments with easy grace, and was grateful for them; he won the sailors' hearts, without being familiar with them.

Barbara observed these things, and admired him more and more every day.

"He is one man in one hundred thousand!" she would whisper to herself in a burst of girlish enthusiasm.

It touched her deeply, and increased her gratitude and respect, that Mr. Granbury forbore to make love to her. Not one word of self-suppise did he speak after that first interview; but his eyes told what was in his heart, and that he adored her every look, motion, word. In contrast with him, her cousin Herman seemed a very cur—pitifully mean and selfish.

"How insane I was," she said to herself, over and over again, "to tell him I would marry him. It is true, I must be married by Christmas—Delorme must never think I am pining for him—but, if I had not been rash, I might, at least, have united myself to a man who truly loved me and whom I could honor. What if I break my word to Herman? What if I tell Mr. Granbury I will accept his suit? Papa would disown me, if I changed again; he would think me a wicked flirt! Yet papa likes Mr. Granbury, and is not satisfied with Herman."

"It would be wrong to marry Mr. Granbury unless I could love him. He is too noble to be imposed upon by a woman who cannot give her whole heart. I did not feel so good as he is."

"Then the poor fellow, who had been so cool, self-possessed and courageous, broke down into a flood of tears.

Kind hands lifted him and conveyed him below, and brought him dry garments.

"I'm sorry we've no better accommodations; 'tis the best we can do," apologized the captain, as they placed him in a sailor's bunk. "You see, this is but a fishing-vessel, just in from the north, and we're mighty short of comforts, I can tell you."

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"Yes, Mr. Granbury," she said, in her thrilling voice, "we have reason to be grateful—you to God; and I to you as well as to Him. Had it not been for your heroism I should have been lost to poor papa, and all who love me, last night. I thank you for my life, Mr. Granbury."

"And you will repay me, a million times over, for the little I did for you! I was not entirely unselfish—I said to myself, if I save this little hand she will bestow it on me!" and he again lifted and kissed the slender member which he claimed.

"Do not talk to me so, now, Mr. Granbury," pleaded Barbara, embarrassed. "I know you are too generous, too high minded to make any claims on me on the score of gratitude."

his banker and obtain money for your needs—my own, and *ditto* for my needs—fill your orders on the *mo fiste*, etc., and return here after you as quickly as possible. No doubt Mr. Rensellaer will hasten over by the first steamer, and in less than a fortnight you will be in your father's arms. I am afraid you will be desolate here. I wish I could do something more for you," and he looked at her wistfully. "Are you sure you have given me all your earnings?"

"Quite sure. Do not fail with the bonnet and the traveling-suit. I am such a fright now," and she laughed; but it was to hide the tears which sprung to her eyes at this parting from her only friend on this side of the wide ocean.

Granbury's own voice trembled and his handsome brown eyes were dim as he wrung her hand and left her.

"Do not forget me in my absence," he said, at the door.

Arthur Granbury had not been gone ten minutes from the front of the inn when there came a tap at Barbara's door.

Thinking it to be the chambermaid, she called out, "Come in."

The next moment she started to her feet, staring at the person who softly glided in and came toward her, as if she were facing down a ghost.

"Do you recognize me, Miss Rensellaer?" asked the lady, quietly, with a melancholy smile. "I am the one you saved from a fearful death—the one person in the world you had the least reason for doing a good action to—am Vivian Courtenay."

"How came you here, Mrs. Courtenay?"

"How came you here, Miss Rensellaer? I was never more astonished in my life than when I recognized you in the hall. They tell me you were rescued from a burning steamer. It seems a strange Providence which brought you here. You do not know—why your permission, I will have a talk with you."

"Yes, certainly; be seated, Mrs. Courtenay."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 340.)

KISSES.

CHILDREN'S KISSES.
Scattered from among the roses,
Where a budding wealth reposes,
Little dimpled lips invite;
Sweet lips, a deep treasure,
With a never-failing measure,
Given with a pure delight.

ROGUE'S KISSES.
Muffled footsteps softly tripping
Up behind, and gently slipping
Round your dear familiar arms;
Though warm hearts may touch unbidden,
With a kiss your love is hidden,
Shelter them from rude sights.

MOTHER'S KISSES.
Little urchins full of badness,
Little faces full of sadness,
Claim a mother's tender kiss,
Every little childish sorrow,
Finds a solace none can borrow,
In a mother's soft caress.

FRIENDSHIP'S KISSES.
A kiss is a gift a ship's pilot token;
A sprightly laugh, a speech spoken
By tender natures for distress;
'Tis friendship's sweetest mite bestowing,
That loving lips so fondly press.

CUPID'S KISSES.
Prompted by some wild emotion
Of the heart, that hidden ocean,
The secret of the secret breast;
It may be Love's incense burning,
On the lips, or Fancy's yearning,
Like a bird without a nest.

SILENT KISSES.
Some strange, sweet chord of kindred feeling,
Some nameless yearning softly stealing,
Each has his secret to this;
Hear to a heart in secret keeping,
Lips in soul-communion meeting,
Does heaven afford a purer bliss?

PARTING KISSES.
The last, and it may be the dearest,
For hearts in parting seem the nearest,
Closer for the dear farewell,
But oh, the last that cold lips never
Give answering touch, the last forever,
Are sadder than the funeral bell.

Who Was the Hero?

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

A MERRY party from the Mountain Cliff Hotel was scattered in little groups over the rocks, enjoying the loveliest day an August sun ever shone upon.

Bertha St. Simon spread the skirts of her stylish linen walking-costume over the mossy stones which formed her seat, and loosened her hair to enjoy the fresh, sweet wind which lightly stirred her long, brown curls.

"Oh! how lovely it is up here!" she exclaimed. "And, oh, just see that magnificent scarlet flower, growing away up the side of the cliff! Isn't it splendid?" pointing up with her white finger. "I must get that flower! I really must! Who will get it for me?" And she glanced round the circle of gentlemen, for a volunteer.

"A challenge! gentlemen, a challenge!" cried Carrie Powell, gayly. "Bertha, what will you give the victor?"

"The blue ribbon from my hair," responded Bertha, promptly. "Come, Mr. Westbrooke," to a tall cavalier at her side, "I know you are a hero. Max! And I know you are not a coward, you are a hero, Max, and I love you! Oh, water! water! somebody, quick! He may be dead! Bring water, quick!"

He was not dead, and as kind hands bathed his heated brow and scorched cheeks, he drew his breath and opened his eyes. And as he saw whose lap held his head, he smiled up into Bertha's face, and whispered:

"Am I a coward, Bertha?"

And bending over him with tears

seen when the chief was faced from the admiring spectator. A true Indian in his love for strong drink, Superfine willingly followed Zimri, when he learned what was required.

Meanwhile Hayes was busy. He experienced some little difficulty in gaining admission into the "high-toned" *maison du jeu* presided over by Mistress Michigan Ann, but once recognized in his official capacity, his work was unexpectedly easy. He found the woman in a maudlin condition—full of bad whisky, disappointed love and jealousy, and quietly proceeded to pump her dry—figuratively speaking. It was not hard to do.

All Hard Luck knew what tie connected Long Tom and Michigan Ann. He had visited her the night before. There had been a furious quarrel. Long Tom ended it by giving her a sound thrashing—as her bruised and discolored face bore plain evidence. Then he swore that all was over between them, adding, with devilish cruelty, that he had found another woman worth ten thousand of her.

But Hayes could learn nothing more from her, if indeed she knew it. That Long Tom had fled the town, he knew before; a clue as to the direction taken, the probable point for which he was heading, was what he wished to learn. But that Michigan Ann could not, or would not, tell him.

Disappointed in a measure, he went down-stairs and calling the household together, questioned them sharply. But there is a peculiar notion of honor among the class he was dealing with, and despite his threats, he could learn nothing.

Rejoining Zimri and Superfine, he re-entered the town, but before he had explained to the chief his wishes, a lean, hangdog-looking fellow accosted him.

"You axed some questions over to the house, yender, boss. You know how 'tis; them gals 'd scratch the eyes out o' a feller if he was to squeal on anybody they knew—"

"Spit it right out, Pimple! what dirty work are you up to now?" sharply demanded Hayes.

"Give me fifty dollars, an' I'll show you Long Tom!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

A TERRIBLE PERIL.

The keenest-eyed observer could not have detected anything unusual in the appearance of Long Tom as he entered the Dew Drop Inn, not far from midnight. And yet his ears still tingled with the hasty speech that told him his carefully-cherished plans were all ruined, that naught but instant flight could save him from a disgraceful death. He had been called out by Cock-eyed Waddel and Ham-fat Zack, who told him how they had waylaid Crazy Billy, and of what followed. How they had fled—"from nigh onto forty men, under Jack Hayes" as Ham-fat seriously affirmed—and succeeded in stealing two horses, nearly killing them in their haste to warn their employer of his danger. Long Tom swallowed this—with a grain of salt, yet swallowed it—and gave the rascals the few hundreds which he had about his person, then hastened to wind up his affairs as thoroughly as the time would admit.

The fugitives had not lied—merely exaggerated a little. As they realized that nobody was chasing them, they paused for breath upon the ridge, glancing back toward their recent ambush. They saw three men gathered around Sleepy George, and recognized one as being Sheriff Hayes. They could tell, too, that the bummer was still alive; this, in such hands, they knew was equivalent to a full confession. Turning to resume their flight, Waddel discovered the two horses in the valley beneath them, and finding no one was guarding them, he declared his intention of confiscating them. This was adroitly done, unsuspected by the owners, and the thieves rode off to where Sleepy George had *cached* the stolen gold. Securing this, they warned Long Tom of the coming storm, and fled before it themselves; but not far. Two days later there was a hanging-bee in Fiddletown. Joaquin's doubt concerning his horses had, happily, come to pass; Cock-eyed Waddel and Ham-fat Zack died as horse-thieves.

Long Tom glanced quickly around the bar-room. He saw "The Preacher" sitting at a table, half drunk, though capable of prompt obedience as quick as he caught his master's eye.

"Come," muttered the gambler, as they entered the darkness. "You must brace up, old man, for there's work ahead of us. I'll tell you all when we get to a suitable place; and while we are walking, you just make up your mind to do as I think best, without asking any questions. You've been soaking your brains so long that you are fit for nothing else. Mind—I say you *must* carry out the part I give you, or the odds are we will both grace the end of a trail-ropes before another sunset."

They reached the house presided over by Michigan Ann, and ordering some liquor sent up to his room, Long Tom briefly related what he had been told.

"Now you see how we stand, Paul," he began, only to be interrupted by the other, whom the startling tidings had partially sobered.

"How you stand—I had nothing to do with it—"

"You were along when the boys tried to rub those two devils out; that would be enough to hang you. But even if not—we have rowed in the same boat too long for you to think of setting up for yourself. Don't drive me to do what I have already threatened; that old affair can be easily revived."

"You killed him—I only—" faltered the Preacher.

"Hush! you cursed fool!" hissed the gambler, his eyes glowing. "These walls are like paper. But you know I can do all I say—no matter what the *real* facts are. We must leave the hole, before day. You must go with me—and one other. You can guess who I mean?"

"Not—not *her*?" faltered the drunkard, half pleadingly.

"Yes—her. You need no bones about it. You must induce her to go with you, secretly. Tell her what you will—that a detective has struck your trail—anything you please; only mark this, if you tell me, I will go and tell her everything—mind, *everything*, and show her the proofs, too; that instead of an unfortunate defaulter, her father assassinated one man, then deliberately swore away the life of an innocent man—sent him to the gallows for the deed *you* committed!"

"If—if I can coax her, you will promise to do the square thing by us?" asked the drunken wretch, cowed by the fierce audacity of the greater and stronger criminal.

"I told you before that I loved her better than my life. I asked her to marry me, but she refused. I didn't much care for that, for I counted on you to talk her over. This will be a good chance. You get her to promise to become my wife, and I will give you every proof I hold concerning that old affair. If you fail—well, I promise you that I will hang you for that job, though I twist a rope for my own neck at the same time!"

There was little more conversation, all bearing upon the same point. The result was just as might have been expected between two such men. The Preacher—Paul Morton—yielded, as he had done too often—and set off at once to meet his daughter, Mary.

Scarcely had he left, when Long Tom found himself face to face with an entirely different sort of antagonist. Suspecting something of the truth, Michigan Ann had listened, from an adjoining room, and overheard all. The interview would not be a pleasant one to record, and the reader is already acquainted with the result.

Long Tom hastily left the house, and uttering a peculiar sound, had the satisfaction of seeing "Pimple" appear with three horses. Slipping a few ounces into the man's hand, Long Tom dismissed him. But Pimple was not so easily satisfied, and dogged the gambler as he made a circuit around the town, hitching the animals near the foot of the "Devil's Chute." Growing impatient, after a few minutes' waiting, Long Tom started toward the town, but met Paul Morton and his daughter hastening toward him. Heaven only knows what lies the wretched drunkard had pourled into her ears. She was sobbing painfully, though bravely endeavoring to choke them back, and seemed only anxious to leave the town as quickly as possible. She paid little attention to the gambler. Morton managed to whisper in her ear that she knew him only as a "friend," and that he had better keep shady until they were clear of the town, at least. They rode up the Chute, still followed by Pimple, who scouted money in the air, nor did he leave the town for one moment, measuring his speed by theirs, until he saw them turn into a small cave, just as the day was dawning, leaving their horses in a little valley just below, where they would be effectually screened from view of any passer-by.

Pimple squatted down under cover and scratched his head. He believed that there was money to be made out of this affair—but how? Why had Long Tom left Hard Luck so secretly? An elopement? That looked like it. Did Michigan Ann know anything about the matter?

"I'll run the risk," he muttered, stealing down the valley. "Ef it's news to her, she'll pay big for the office."

Pimple quietly collected the animals, led them beyond sound of the cave, then mounting one, he drove the others before him along the narrow trail for several miles, then left them, doing the same with the one he was riding when a couple of miles from town.

Not until they had entered the cave and kindled a fire did Mary Morton recognize Long Tom in the companion of their flight. Her surprise and discomfort cannot be easily measured, and she kept close to her father's side, with a distrust she made no attempt to conceal from the gambler.

His ugly temper deeply ruffled by recent events, Long Tom was quick to note this fear, and it soon awoke the devil in his breast. For a time he did struggle against the temptation, for he really loved—with a fierce, ungoverned passion—Mary, and felt that he could endure almost anything for the sake of hearing her call him her husband. Had it been considered advisable to travel through the day, the terrible scenes which followed might possibly have been averted. But, knowing that Hayes would spare no pains to hunt him down, Long Tom did not care to risk the chances of meeting any one who might afterward point out their trail. For this reason he resolved to travel only by night, at least until at a safe distance from Hard Luck.

Unfortunately for himself, Paul Morton had not forgotten to furnish himself with a goodly flask of whisky, and rendered uncomfortable by the evident anger of Long Tom, he consolled himself by frequent swallows of the liquor, skillfully eluding the eyes of his child, until he sunk into a drunken slumber. As though watching for this moment, Long Tom drew nearer the maiden.

"This is an unpleasant business, Miss Morton," he began. "But two more nights will restore us beyond all danger, I hope; then you will have an easier time of it. We will spare no—"

"Oh, sir!" cried Mary, imploringly. "Father has told me all—that only for your aid he would have been—been arrested. Believe me, I am grateful, but—please leave us to go our way alone. We will remember you—"

"I expect you will—I don't believe there is much danger of you forgetting me very soon," said the gambler, with a disagreeable laugh.

"Now—see! Since you have opened the subject, suppose we go through with it. You say you are truly grateful for my services; yet you are anxious to get rid of me! Let me tell you what I have done. I have left my business—as good as twenty thousand dollars a year. I have put myself under suspicion of being a partner in your father's—well say misfortune. Worn to return to Hard Luck, the odds are I would be arrested at once. I don't tell you this to draw forth your thanks; only to show that when I once put my hand to a game I play the limits. I've said I would see your father through with this scrape, and I mean to do it. Of course I have my reasons. Men don't work in these days without at least a hope of pay. You are smart enough to know better, even were I to swear that I am doing all this through pure friendship for your father. I like him well enough, but I like *you* a thousand times—"

"I will not listen to such words," cried Mary, her eyes flashing with anger. "If you repeat them, I will awake father—"

"You're along when the boys tried to rub those two devils out; that would be enough to hang you. But even if not—we have rowed in the same boat too long for you to think of setting up for yourself. Don't drive me to do what I have already threatened; that old affair can be easily revived."

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"I told you before that I loved her better than my life. I asked her to marry me, but she refused. I didn't much care for that, for I counted on you to talk her over. This will be a good chance. You get her to promise to become my wife, and I will give you every proof I hold concerning that old affair. If you fail—well, I promise you that I will hang you for that job, though I twist a rope for my own neck at the same time!"

Long Tom had plunged a bowie-knife deep into the drunkard's left breast as he attempted to rescue Mary.

"You would have it!" snarled the gambler, thrusting the bloody weapon into his bosom; then turning to Mary, who crouched in one corner, almost stupefied: "See what your cursed folly has wrought! Only for you he would be living now!"

As he spoke he forcibly drew her toward him, pressing his hot lips to hers. Vainly the maiden struggled. She was caught but a child in his fierce grasp. A wolfish glow filled his eyes. She felt that she was doomed beyond all human aid. He pressed her madly to his breast. Her hand closed upon something hard. She clutched it and struck despairingly. There was a fierce yell, a loud report—then all was dark!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A DREAD CONFESSION.

"I DON'T reckon you need me any longer, boss," said a peculiar, cracked voice. "Yender's the lay-out. The trail lays at them two trees; run straight ahead for some twenty paces, then turns to the left. Look at that patch o' bushes, by the p'inted rock—that's right whar the hole is. You can't miss it!"

"You bain't paid me, yit—be sure I would run the risk o' slippin' up on that," grimed Pimple. "Your folks is in that, less they're tuck to the hills afoot. I'll wait yers for ye—but I'm free to say I don't keer to face Long Tom when his mad's up. He'd see the minnit he flung glimmer onto me, an' he'd send fer me, shore!"

"Twould be the best act he ever was guilty of," laughed Hayes, shortly. "There's no use talking, Pimple. Up you've got to go. And this: I'll 'send for' you, at the first sign of crawfishin'."

Pimple began to wish he had let that promising speculation alone. He had been paid by Long Tom for his services, and then had sold him to Sheriff Hayes, for a consideration.

While Hayes was procuring horses and giving his men their instructions, Zimri Coon sought out the only doctor left in Hard Luck and dispatched him, in charge of a trusty guide, to the hermit's cave. His conscience satisfied, he reached Hayes in his mad ride with redoubled zest. Pimple guided them well, and they reached the foot of the hill in which the fugitives had sought refuge just as the sun was setting.

All was silent as they cautiously clambered up the steep trail; but suddenly there came a wild scream—a pistol-shot.

"There's devil's work going on there!" grated Hayes, pressing forward. "Lively, boys, lively!"

Pimple's foot slipped and he fell, rolling out of the way, among the rocks. He was not so badly hurt but that a satisfied grin distorted his countenance as he peered after the men as they scrambled up toward the cave.

A cry of horror broke from the sheriff's lips as he dashed aside the leafy screen and sprang into the cavern.

Three bodies lay upon the blood-stained floor; only one of them giving signs of life. Paul Morton, supporting himself upon his right hand that clasped the still smoking revolver with which he had stricken down the maddened gambler, his other hand vainly trying to staunch the hot life-blood that welled from a deep wound in his breast, gasped:

"Make sure of me—Long Tom—he murdered me and my—my daughter!"

"Stir up that fire, old man," cried Hayes. "Hawkins, draw that fellow's teeth there?" he added, as the gambler strove to arise, on hearing strange voices.

Hayes, after a hasty investigation, assured himself that the maiden had not been injured beyond a slight cut upon the head, where she had fallen against a rock point. He gave her into charge of two men, who conveyed her outside where the cool evening air would soon restore her to consciousness.

"Run to earth at last, Long Tom!" cried Hayes, with a chuckle of intense satisfaction, when the extinguished fire blazed up and rendered objects as visible as the noonday sun.

"You've come too late for more than to see me die, anyhow!" snarled the gambler. "I can drat at your rope, thanks to the girl and she'll drat at your skull—see who's who!"

As he spoke he plucked a bowie-knife from his breast, where the blade had been buried almost to the hilt. A gush of blood followed; and the gambler laughed harshly as he caught some of it in his hand and flung it at Hayes.

"Don't crow too soon, my man," coolly replied the sheriff. "We are used to quick work. Coon, just hold his hands while I plug up this hole."

The wound was bandaged, and the gambler's hands bound, lest he should attempt to tear off the cloths. Another wound was found upon his head, where Morton's bullet had glanced from his skull, but it was only trifling.

Meanwhile Morton was not neglected, though it was plain that he was fast sinking—that he could not live many hours. When given to understand this, he asked for liquor, to strengthen him until his story was told.

"I don't care much what becomes of me—I wish to show him up," he said, as the stimulant strengthened him. "And Mary—my daughter. She at least is innocent, gentlewoman. You will not make her suffer for her father's sins!"

"We call ourselves white men, stranger," sharply said Hayes. "We're rough and rockless enough, but we're not so low down as all that comes to. Rest easy about the lady. Go on with your story—but make it short, for Long Tom seems bound to cheat the rope."

Long Tom's tragic story so painfully told by the dying man has already been shadowed forth in the course of this story, to render it unnecessary for us to follow his words in detail. A brief synopsis will be enough.

Paul Morton, Thomas Langford and Charles Fletcher were all employed in the same bank. They were "fast young men," close friends, and entered the same downward path together. Langford proved the evil genius of the trio. Fletcher was a most confiding and trusting nature. Morton was weak and easily influenced. There were many things which Morton could not entirely clear up, but on the main points of the tragedy he was positive. Langford murdered the young planter with Fletcher's knife, and robbed him. Fletcher was arrested for the crime, tried and condemned. Morton and Langford swore his life away; the former forced to do so by Langford, who had discovered him a forger to make good the money he had stolen from the bank. Fletcher was hung. Morton found himself in the power of a hard task-master. From that day on, the bank was regularly robbed, and the books "doctored"—not a very difficult task, since the confederates were now cashier and assistant cashier. At last discovery threatened, and Morton joined Langford in robbing the bank of a large sum,

then fled, eluding pursuit, finally turning up in California. One day Langford showed him a letter from a friend East, who wrote that Mrs. Morton and her child had both died. Then he gave up all hope and took to drinking more than ever. But the letter was only half-right. His daughter still lived. She joined her aunt, Mrs. Hector Champion, who was bound for California, in the vague hope of finding her father.

Providence guided the travelers to the town of Hard Luck, and Morton's amazement can be imagined when he recognized the sister of his dead wife. That night he learned that the young girl was his daughter. For some days he resisted the temptation, but finally made himself known to Mary, though he begged her to keep his secret. They met frequently, generally at night. (At this point Zimri Coon listened with breathless attention.) She joined him how Little Volcano—the only name she as yet knew him by—had saved her life, and how they had learned to love each other. In return he warned her of the plots being laid against the boy miner's life. He joined the party led by Sleepy George, only to serve Little Volcano as far as lay in his power.

In conclusion he narrated what had occurred since their flight from Hard Luck.

In addition to what we have given, Morton revealed other crimes of which Long Tom had been guilty—enough to condemn him a thousand times. But, as these crimes bear no relation to this story, I have passed over them.

Through it all the gambler maintained a silent silence. He saw that death was inevitable, and with dogged courage he resolved to "die game."

Morton fell back exhausted, as he concluded his confession. A flask of whisky was held to his lips, and he soon gained strength enough to beg that his daughter might be sent

ONLY SIXTEEN DRESSES TO WEAR.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

She had only sixteen dresses,
The poor, unfortunate thing!
And most of this scanty wardrobe
Was purchased and made in the spring.
She gazed upon it with sorrowful eyes,
And her tears fell like a shower:
Only sixteen dresses to wear!

She thought of Eve in the garden,
And said that she never could see
Why she should get all of the pity—
She deserved as much pity as she.
Was anyone ever so needful?
She felt on the point of despair,
And thought there was no use of living
With but sixteen dresses to wear.

She had only sixteen dresses,
And I never would intimate so,
If she was she would have had fifty
And be better supplied long ago;
But being excessively humbuggy,
Her mind became too full to bear
Very few more had been added,
And she d thirty dresses to wear.

Her poverty worried her greatly,
As of course it certainly should,
And folks with so little to hide them
You could hardly expect to feel good.
And how could she go to a party,
Or do any thing in the high air
And feel she was cutting a figure
With only sixteen dresses to wear?

She was sure that a girl in the kitchen
Could not get along with so few,
And she was a leader of fashion.
And what was the poor soul to do?
How her rivals in fashion would sneer,
If she had to get to the fair
That she had sixteen dresses to stand
With but sixteen dresses to wear!

If she could have worn all together
What would she have done for a change?
What a terrible thing just to think of?
No wonder the woman felt strange.
She buried her face in her lap
And vowed in the depths of despair
That she never would venture out, ever,
With but sixteen dresses to wear!

Yankee Boys in Ceylon:
THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS," "ROD
AND RIFLE," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.VIII.—DAVE SAWYER IN TROUBLE. A
STRANGE SHOWER-BATH.

SAYWER, with his bearer, had taken his place upon the top of a high rock, near which the elephants would be sure to pass in making their way out of the valley. The sailing master had not come out here so much for his own pleasure as to show the hunting-grounds to his young friends, by whom he was employed to do this work. He had hunted the royal beast before, and did not care particularly if the boys had all the fun. If the elephants came his way he would take a shot at them, but if not it was all the same to him. The rock on which he stood was a peculiar one, a huge boulder, which crooked out of the soil of the valley, only accessible from the rear, at which there was a narrow but rugged footpath. From his elevated perch the captain could see the whole plain and he had seen Dick's first lucky shot at the edge of the wood.

"That boy has got the right sort of pluck," he said. "He's got more than that, good judgment, and that is more than you can say of Ned. Will is a queer one, and what he don't know about tricks ain't worth knowing, scarcey."

At this moment he saw the second elephant go down before the deadly aim of the Charmer and the danger of Richard. He uttered a perfect war-whoop as the elephant turned tail and ran down the valley after the troop, which had now nearly reached the rock where he sat. Preparing his rifle, he fired at the foremost, and then the herd passed, and had the satisfaction of hearing the ball tell soundly upon her shoulder.

"Oh, sahib!" roared the coolie. "Look here."

He turned quickly, and saw that the surface of the rock was literally alive with snakes, creeping out of the crevices in every direction. It needed but a single glance from his experienced eyes to tell what they were. There is no more beautiful or deadly snake in the island than the *caravilla*, its back is of a greenish hue, but seems to change its color as the rays of the sun fall upon it. The under part is of a silvery white, and the whole body slender and delicate. They had started from the crevices of the rocks in all directions at the report of the gun, and were closing in on the hunter with wild, gleaming eyes. The bearer made one flying leap from the rock, and struck the earth ten feet below, darting out of sight behind the rocks. The captain knew his danger, and lost no time in following. But the last was not the best in this case, for as he picked himself up after rolling over once or twice, he saw the elephant which had fled before the burning eyes of the Charmer close upon him, whisking his tail from side to side, his small, malignant eyes sparkling with fury.

He had jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. But there was no time to think about it, and darting around the rock, the captain ran for his life, while the elephant thundered after. He was plainly ashamed of himself for being forced to run by a man, and was determined to have his revenge out of this fellow's front. Dave ran neatly; in fact, as he said, "when he took to do a thing he always liked to do it well." He was heading for the river, preferring to take the chances with the alligators sooner than his big friend in the rear, who was gaining upon him rapidly. For, ungainly as he is, the elephant can get over the ground rapidly enough, as many a poor fellow has found. But Dave, having his heart in the work, ran nobly, and although the elephant gained, it was but slowly, and the river was not far away. Between himself and the river was an open green patch of ground, two hundred yards wide, but he doubted whether he could cross it in time to elude his furious enemy. Indeed, as he set his foot upon the green turf, the trunk of the elephant seemed to hang suspended over his head. The man fled on, and felt the ground shake under his feet as he passed lightly over it; but, looking up, he saw that ominous cylinder bending toward him, and reaching for his coat-tail in a way he did not like in the least. He "put on a spurt" and gained a little, when, to his surprise, he heard a great plunging and spluttering behind him, and was about to look, when he went up to the waist in the treacherous morass, and gave himself up for lost. In his terror he wrenched his body out of the mud, turning as he did so, in order to be able to face the elephant. To his delight, he found his enemy in the same situation as himself, struggling to get forward, and at every effort sinking deeper and deeper. Sawyer uttered a perfect yell of delight, and drawing his rifle toward him began to load rapidly, while his rifle reached for him, stretching his prehensile trunk until it almost touched him. Sawyer wriggled back a little, put on a cap, and took a snap-shot at the head of the elephant, without trying to raise

his weapon higher than his breast. It took effect, and the animal made another furious plunge, which only sunk him deeper in the mud. The animal was now completely cowed, and trumpeted wildly in his terror, while the captain calmly loaded again, and as the behemoth raised his head, sent a ball through his skull from below, piercing the brain.

"There, you old skunk!" roared the captain.

The shot was fatal. The huge beast gave a sort of half-human sob and his head dropped upon the mud, and in a moment more every motion ceased, and he was dead.

Sawyer, after satisfying himself that the animal was not shamming, by cutting into the trunk with his bowie, seized the trunk with both hands, and exerting all his strength dragged himself out of the mud and mounted the back of his dead enemy, where he flapped his arms and indulged in a loud and triumphant crow.

Then, taking a flying leap from the back of the animal, he reached safe ground, and shouted for his bearer, who came crawling out, evidently in doubt whether the mud-bedaubed figure before him was really the "Captain Sahib."

"Oh, come along, you thief of misery," roared Sawyer. "You can't do any good now, so you may appear."

The man came up slowly, and looked in awe at the ponderous form of the elephant, half-buried in the mud.

"Big thief, that one," he said; "Captain Sahib run like a man, *that time*."

"I've a good mind to mash you in the jaw," roared Dave. "If you say another word I'll give you one that will make you sick."

"There go other elephant, sahib," replied the man, humbly. "Other young mans shoot."

The remainder of the herd were passing through a causeway between the river and a huge pile of fallen timber which had fallen in one of the hurricanes which sometimes sweep over the island. As they gazed, Ned Wade and Pete, who were hidden under the logs, opened fire upon the amazed animals, who were now nearly frantic with rage and terror. They rushed at the logs, trumpeting madly, but their efforts were useless. The two men, securely concealed beneath the logs, loaded and fired rapidly, and one of the herd had fallen before they realized that this was a losing game, and turned to fly, followed by the shots and shouts of the two hunters. Richard and the Charmer were running up rapidly to cut them off from the causeway, but the elephants got there first, and saw safety for themselves in the great jungle beyond, when Will opened on them from the hollow tree with such a bewildering hail of bullets that they paused dumbfounded, not knowing which way to turn. Sixteen shots did the boy pour into the astonished herd, and he was loading again to give them a new fusilade, when they again began to run. But, just as they reached the hollow tree, one of the animals, sorely wounded, leaped against the tree for support. It yielded, there came a loud crash, and Will stood glaring at a huge elephant lying on its back, with its four huge legs sticking up like gigantic bedposts. But he was struggling to regain his feet, and Will dove suddenly into the hollow tree, or rather a section about twelve feet in length, which had broken off short when the tree came down. The elephant reached for him when he went in, and took away a piece of his hunting-shirt; for Will, seeing his danger, made a slash at the cloth with his knife, and it parted with a loud rip.

"There!" muttered Will, as he crawled into the dark recesses of the log. "I don't know what he will do next, but it occurs to me that if he finds out how rotten this log is, he will stamp me into the ground. I ain't sure that I chose a very safe place, after all."

The elephant was on his feet, snuffing viciously about the log. Then he kneeled in front of the opening and thrust in his trunk, which did not reach Will, who crawled as near the upper end as he could.

But he did not like it in the least, and indeed the situation was rather awkward. A moment after he heard the elephant going away, and crawled back to look. The beast had not gone far, but was filling his trunk with water at a point beside the causeway.

"I wonder what the big fool is going to do now?" he muttered.

He soon found out, for the beast turned and came back, malicious cunning sparkling in his small eyes. Will shinned back into the log, for he did not care to have the beast see him again. As before, he kneeled in front of the opening and thrust in his trunk, but Will only laughed at that. But his laughter was quickly turned to mourning, as a stream of dirty water, delivered with all the force of a hydrant, struck him full in the face, drenching him from head to foot. If ever a young man was disgusted with his life, and perfectly willing to quit, that young man was Will Wade. He would have sold himself for a Portuguese slave, the thousandth part of a dollar, and have taken payment in old clothes. He never felt mamer and smaller in his life than when that elephant, having delivered himself of his load, stood calmly back to the water and filled up again.

Wet and miserable, Will crawled down and looked out, hoping to see his friends coming to his aid. But as he had ceased firing, they came to the conclusion that the herd had escaped, and were coming in a very leisurely manner, taking matters very coolly, indeed, never dreaming that Will was in such desperate trouble.

"Oh, won't they never come?" he gasped, as he dove into his hole again at the approach of the desperate-looking beast, with a new supply of fluid. Crowding himself as closely as he could into the small space at the upper end of the log, he waited in breathless expectation for the shower bath. It came, with terrible force, nearly taking him off through the other end of the log, and the elephant, with cheerful patience, turned back to fill it up again. It was plain that he meant to fight it out on that line, no matter what happened.

"Oh, ain't this mean?" thought the boy.

"They are loafing along, taking it easy, and he'll have me drowned before they get here. I'll make a break for the jungle."

He drew himself slowly out of the log, but this portable water-tank had his eye on the victim, and at once charged back. Will, seeing that he could not escape, dove into the hole again with an ejaculation which was not a prayer. The elephant, having run him into his den, turned back quietly and again filled his trunk with water, while Will cursed the unhappy fate which had led him to take refuge in the tree. Again the dirty flood poured in, but was too wet and miserable now to care about what happened.

"It can't last forever," he muttered, feebly.

"Let him pour it on."

But the elephant was tiring of the sport. He rose, after deluging the boy for the last time, and looked hard at the log. Then he set his foot upon it, and bore some weight upon it, as if testing its strength. Apparently he was saying to himself: "This is not so very strong,

after all; I believe I will break it up." He rose upon his hind legs and came down with all his force upon the log, which splintered and cracked beneath his weight. For the first time Will realized that he was in danger, for it would not take long at this rate to break the log into splinters. Again the mighty boar rose into the air and came crashing down upon the log, breaking out a piece from the hollow shell at least three feet long. A cloud of dust fell about the boy and nearly strangled him, and he felt that all was lost.

Again the heavy body came down, and this time a crack opened in the log so that the monster could see him. This crack would have closed again, but for an upright piece of wood about four inches square, which had dropped in such a way that, while it only just touched the edges of the crack, it kept it open. Will saw this and had lifted his foot to kick it out, when the elephant thrust in his proboscis to seize him. Will kicked at the block viciously, and had the satisfaction of seeing the crack close like the jaws of a trap, while a scream of agony from the giant told that he was caught.

Will crept to the opening, shot himself out, and rolled away rapidly, to keep out of reach of the ponderous feet of the elephant, just as the party of hunters, wild with fear for his safety, came dashing up, the Charmer and Momo in advance. They rushed in at once, and while the elephant lowered and roared like a great child, they put two balls through his head and the great body came crashing down, while Will, a frowsy and mud-bedaubed image, looked from face to face, ready to assail the first man or boy who dared to laugh.

"Come, out with it!" The first one who dares to laugh, down goes his shan."

"We are not going to laugh at you, Will," said Richard, kindly. "My heart was in my mouth when I saw the tree down, and that great brute crashing down upon it. I thought you were done for."

"I got a snap on him," replied Will, faintly.

"But, by George! when he was going dirty water into that log, I felt meaner than a polecat. I'll tell you about it to-night in camp."

They cut off the tails of their game as proof of their skill, and left the coolies to bring in the tusks. Only three of the elephants had them, but this was far better than the average. And at night, when they fought their battles over, with Rona listening in wonder at their bravery, Will and Dave Sawyer bore the laughter which ran round the fire at their adventures. For Will was wonderfully comforted, when he found that Dave had suffered nearly as much as himself.

Viva's Diamond.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

VIVA looked at it with great quivers of ecstasy, happiness thrilling her, and wondered what she had done that Howard Chestwick had seen anything in her to admire and love; thinking, as she sat in a little secluded corner of Mrs. Sydney's conservatory—Mrs. Sydney was her hostess, and among a dozen guests invited to welcome from a European tour Mrs. Sydney's beautiful daughter, Una, were little Viva May and Howard Chestwick—Viva sat nestled among the low branches of pink-petaled oleander trees, and thinking of the scene in the library—a great, twilit room, with niches wherein alternate statues and bronzes stood, between rows of shelves that reached from floor to ceiling—Viva sat, living over again the scene in the darkness and quiet of Mrs. Sydney's library, when Mr. Chestwick had come in as she sat reading in the green silk-curtained bay-window, and took "Daniel Deronda" out of her hands, and made her listen while he said such words to her as she would as soon have expected Jove to have descended from the heights of Olympus, and say to her.

"You must have seen, must have known, little darling, that I have been waiting for an opportunity to tell you how I love you, a little sweet blossom. I cannot tell you, even now, all I want to say to you, but let me put this tiny little ring on your finger that will remind you of me and how I love you."

And he kissed her ardently as he slipped the diamond ring on her finger, and before he could say another word, Una Sydney came in, her lovely dark eyes wearing a little look of astonishment that she was too well-bred to express.

Of course, that had put a stop to it, for the time; then, Mr. Chestwick had gone to the city and did not return until after Viva had gone away to her room, to sit in the moonlight, and cry tears of perfect happiness, and thank God she was beloved by the man who had been to her as a god, as a brilliant, fair-off star, as the embodiment of all that was most good, most gracious, most worshipful.

And this grand, splendid man had condescended to love her—nobody; had gone past Una Sydney, with her Southern beauty and charming ways; had looked over Ethelred Harleth, who was such an heiress, and so sweet and ladylike; had gone straight by Miss Grandelyn, the queenly, magnificent woman, whose fame and name as novelist sounded both sides the water—and come to her—her, no one, poor, compared with the others, and only barely prettier.

She did not know, this girl, guileless innocent, how surpassingly lovely she was, with her thoughtful, intellectual eyes of tender gray, that Mr. Chestwick's glances could turn to liquid darkness—as dark as the ebony black hair that waved so becomingly off a low, broad, white forehead, or the heavy straight brows that gave to her face an expression of inexpressible charm; with her fair, regular features, as pure as if carved from ivory, and the exquisite mouth with the twin rosebud lips that parted in dimpling smiles and displayed tiny pearls of teeth, with one little glimmer of gold like a sunshiny spot.

"You are entirely mistaken, Miss Sydney; Miss May has no possible interest in me." His stiff, constrained words belied his manner so completely that Una laughed outright.

"Anybody with half an eye can see just how it stands. You know you are in love with little Viva—and I know she loves you. Go ask her—and come and thank me for refusing you. Go right away!"

And hour later Mr. Chestwick was going past the library door, when a sweet, pale face looked out, and a low, wistful voice called his name.

"Mr. Chestwick, I want to speak just a word to you, and I've been waiting here for you to pass. I wanted to tell you I am—so—so—sorry—and ashamed about—the—what you gave me! I don't see how it ever happened, and I have been so worried about it ever since I lost it!"

A great leaping of his heart almost suffocated him, and his voice was husky as he answere

"You lost it, Viva! Thank God for that!"

She looked at him wonderingly, as he took it from his pocket, and held it up to her astonished eyes—glittering with a hundred gorgeous hues, as if laughing its gladness at its release from its dark prison.

"Oh, How—Mr. Chestwick, you found it? Where?"

He pushed the library door open.

"Come in a moment, Viva. I found it in a basket of fruit and flowers you sent me, and I thought you took that delicate means to tell me my love was unwelcome to you. Viva, was I mistaken, or—do you love me?"

Her eyes laughed their exquisite happiness, then, and the two fair hands went out to his, in an impulse of passion and pleading that made him thrill from head to foot.

"Love you! Oh, Howard!"

That was all-sufficient; and the glad tears in her eyes sparkled to match the diamond on her finger again.

"And you'll not mind my confessing I asked Miss Sydney to be my wife—"

Then, there remaining an hour before dinner, Viva took her work—a fleecy zephyr shawl she was crocheting for Mrs. Sydney—and went down into the parlors, where Miss Sydney and Miss Grandelyn and Ethelred Harleth, and a half dozen gentlemen, and Howard Chestwick among them, were chatting, and the low hush offered her near the drop-light, and hid her sweet confusion and slightly flushed cheeks by bowing her head over her work, and only conversing in low, monosyllabic answers to direct questions; conscious only of a mild happiness at Mr. Chestwick's presence, and wondering if he had seen the little mute love-message yet.

And all unconscious of the bewildered, displease sternness with which Mr. Chestwick was watching her white, flying fingers, or the bitter pain and misery at his heart as he finally left the room to retire to his own.

"She seemed so purely sweet, and ignorant of the way of the world—how can it be possible that I was mistaken in supposing she loved me, when, in reality, she was coqueting, as women seem to enjoy so thoroughly?"

He asked himself the question as he opened his room door, and then his attention was instantly attracted by the dainty little gift that was conspicuously on his dressing-table.